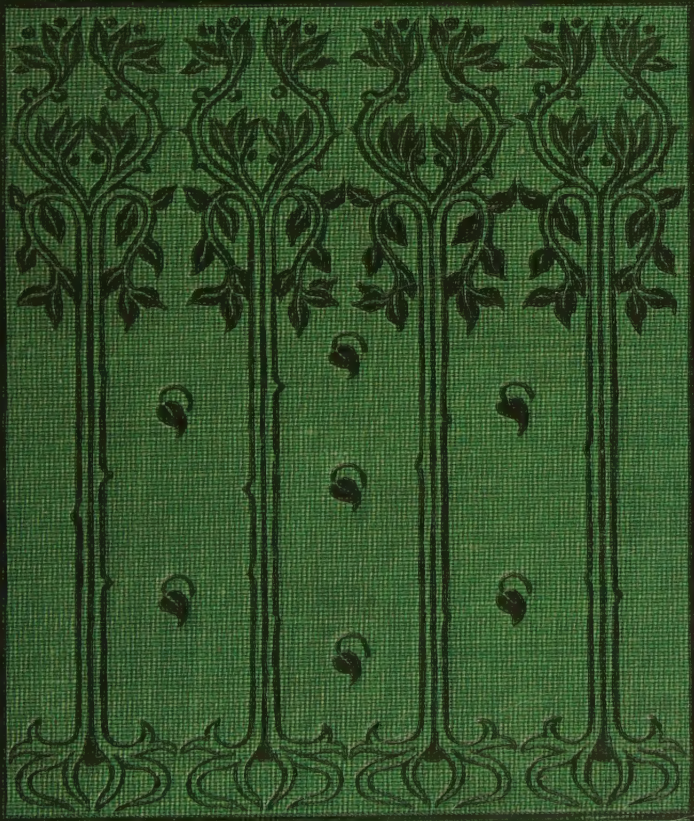
THINGS AS THEY ARE



BOLTON HALL

Introduction by [illegible] *Herron*

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THINGS AS THEY ARE

BY

BOLTON HALL

Author of "A Little Land and a Living," "Life, and Love and Peace," etc.

(*Revised and Enlarged Edition*)

INTRODUCTION BY

PROF. G. D. HERRON

NEW YORK
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1909

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Dedicated by permission to my friend

JANE ADDAMS,

who is trying to destroy class distinctions through the practice of the Gospel of Love.

PREFACE

THE chapters that compose the first part of this volume are designed to show, in a logical manner, the purpose and the order of the development of man. We learn but slowly by experience, unless we perceive the principles to be apprehended and the way of the Eternal teaching.

The parables were written to illustrate the principles set forth; but, except in a few cases, it has been thought better not to indicate the connection in the text. If the reader apply the teaching to his neighbor only, the book may amuse him, but it will do little more. Those who cannot receive the essays are asked to read the parables, those who cannot receive the parables are asked to read the essays, before passing final judgment on their message.

Some of the parables and parts of the essays have been published in the *Independent,* the *Outlook,* the *Christian Endeavor World,* the *Ram's*

Horn, the *Arena,* the *New Voice,* and the *Philistine,* to the Editors of all of which my thanks are due for permission to republish.

BOLTON HALL.

NEW YORK CITY.

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INTRODUCTION

THE spiritual philosophy of the kingdom of heaven is profoundly and simply presented in *Things as They Are.* The roots of social wrong and the principles of social right are vividly shown by parables. The intellectual and moral entanglements which result from attachment to vested interests, the puerility of much that is called science, the pitiable littleness of professional religion, are set forth with what might be called a merciless sweetness of spirit. The exposition of the law of love, at the end of the letters, reads like a new epistle from Saint John.

Subjectively,—that is, as regards our own minds,—the kingdom of heaven is a state in which a man loves all his kind, and lives in communion with the love that is the substance of all things, without regard to reward or return. Self is eliminated from the horizon of thought and purpose. The affections enter that region of boundless selflessness in which one bestows all

there is of himself upon the evil, and the good, the loving and the unloving, the farthest and the nearest, without estimating the worth of one above another. He does not value his personal existence. He has no "interests." He lives in a universal communism of love. He dwells in a realm in which there is neither "mine" nor "thine," a realm beyond the reach of weights and measures, morals and laws. All there is of God is his, and all there is of himself is his brethren's. Nothing can happen to him, because he has nothing to do with happenings. From his point of view, nothing is evil. Beneath the shadows and the appearances of things, he abides in eternal love and life. Where he is, there is only good, love, and liberty.

Objectively,—that is, as regards the universe, —the kingdom of heaven is a society in which all men work for the common good, and each receives according to his needs or power to use; a society in which no man calls anything his own, because all belongs to every one; a society in which there is neither wage nor interest, neither price nor bargain; a society in which there is no more question about how much one shall have

over and above another than there is question about a division of the air for individual breathing. The coming kingdom of heaven on earth will realize, in all economic facts, the highest inward aspirations of the soul. Until there is a perfect harmony of these subjective and objective spheres, there can be no escape from social misery and tragedy. Only the civilization that gives to him that asks, that turns not away from him that would borrow, that sends its highest privileges upon the evil and the good, that distributes all there is by an all-inclusive and non-exclusive voluntary communism, can realize the social perfection of our Father in heaven, who freely giveth us all things; who, when the sons of men had wasted or shut up the already prodigally-given resources of the world of spirit and things, undertook to redeem them by giving them more spirit and more things.

It thus turns out that from the point of view of a citizen of the kingdom of heaven, there is no such thing as a merely economic question. The land question, for instance, is a spiritual question, a problem of spiritual liberty, a matter of the salvation or destruction of human souls. It

is only through the use of the land that the race can find spiritual unity with God.

Can such a society ever become a fact? Is the kingdom of heaven indeed at hand? We might change the question, and ask if anything else seems likely to be practicable. What is history and experience but an open book, on every page of which we may read, in blood-red letters, the waste and misery, the utter impracticability and imbecility, of anything and everything that is not obedience to the law of love?

When we really desire the kingdom of heaven, we shall see that it has been at hand all through the time of our wandering in the wilderness of experience and speculation. When the desire for the kingdom is strong enough, the ways and means will speedily appear. It is desire that creates function, in both natural and spiritual development. It would be infinitely easier, if we only knew it, actually to realize the kingdom of heaven in the structure and organism of society than it is to make a better order by the thousand tinkerings, compromises, and "scientific methods" which we usually undertake.

The desire will be created by putting and keep-

ing the idea of the kingdom of heaven before the minds of men until the thought of the people begins to gather about it. The apostles of the kingdom are sent to overcome the world by the witness of their faith. The ideal and the passion for it have been the sole making force of history. This is the thesis of Hegel and Saint Paul. We can establish the kingdom in objective and economic facts only by first establishing it in human thought and faith. "When the ideal once alights in our streets," says Edward Carpenter, "we may go in and take our supper in peace: the rest will be seen to."*

That there is no individual extrication from social wrong is the blessing of both the individual and society. The passion for individual extrication is really the evasion of individual responsibility. The only Christian innocence in a world of wrong is the sacrifice of one's own life in bearing away that wrong. Only through the emancipation of the whole human life can the citizen of the kingdom realize his full liberty and citizenship. Only so, can we live the life of love,—the life of the Son of God. No man of love will

* See Fable, "The Visionary."

wish to be extricated from the common wrong except as a part of the common life. He dares not seek a perfection that separates him from his brethren. He will no more drink of the fruit of the vine until the kingdom of God be full come, when he can drink it in fellowship with all his brethren in the ransomed society.

G. D. Herron.

I

A COUNSEL OF PERFECTION

A social experiment.—The Golden Rule impracticable alike for employer and employee.—Evil rule makes evil deed.—Education by action.—The illumination.

THE following is the experience, given substantially in his own words, of one who tried to follow the Golden Rule. He is a man of unusual health, ability, and energy, but is unfitted for a tranquil career in the world, because his mental and his spiritual natures are so developed that he is unable to accept what he knows and feels to be untrue. Had he been less intellectual or had he been shielded by circumstances, such as inherited wealth or the possession of a monopoly, he might long ago have persuaded himself that he was fulfilling the whole law of love, while actually living at ease on his fellows.*

Only such circumstances can blind any one who

* There are various devices for that: private charity, public benefactions, the assumption that we "give employment" by allowing people to work—all summed up in the declaration that "wealth (however gotten) is a trust."

follows his convictions to the unavoidable consequences of right doing, consequences that prevent even an approach to perfect obedience to the Golden Rule.

"I was," says this man, "a birthright member of the Quaker body, and from my youth was filled with the Quaker spirit. I was impelled to do unto others as I would be done by, and to love my neighbor as myself, in every-day life and action; and what did it bring me? Want! I lost all I had, as men told me I should lose it. I inherited a fine farm and an interest in a prosperous factory. I had a good common-school education and excellent health, but these could not save my material wealth from the disastrous effects of trying to do right. A sample of how it worked will suffice. When a lad, I sold some cows at the market, and when I spoke of the price I had gotten, every one said it was some shillings per head more than the cattle were worth. 'Then,' said I, 'I will go and give the over-charge back to the purchaser.' The very people from whom I had my training laughed at me. Nevertheless I did give the money back.

"In the factory I paid, not the least that the hands could be made to work for, but what seemed to me a fair living wage. It is not hard to see that, under our present system of commercial and industrial warfare, such practices parted my property and me.

"Then I was accused, even by reformers, of being hyper-sensitive and over-scrupulous. When I had lost my all, I had to seek employment from other persons. As I did not understand economics and social laws, I thought then I could carry out the Golden Rule. But, alas! I found the very reverse the case. In every situation, I had to tell lies orally or to act them, to cheat, to do everything the reverse of the Golden Rule or of any kind of right-doing. Now I was in a dilemma. I had arrived at the end of my tether; for either as employer or employee, or even as landowner or tenant, I could find no place or condition on this earth in which I could do right and get enough to sustain life. The impulse to act out the Golden Rule, having become second nature, made life too painful for me to live under such conditions. Either I had

to give up the whole Christian religion as impractical, a cheat of the first water, and die,—or, before taking the final stand, and refusing any further action, which refusal would also entail death, to look a little deeper, and see what were the obstacles that prevented me, as an individual, from getting a living and at the same time carrying out, in every-day life, the Golden Rule.

"Remember, the teachers of my time maintained that an individual could observe the rule independently of any one else, and make a living, and even get rich. They put a commercial meaning on 'Godliness is profitable.' This is where the orthodox teachers have such a hold on the people; for most people believe it is their own particular fault that they don't do right in every-day life. Hence they always blame themselves, and believe they could do righteously, independently of any one else, if they would. So long as their teachers keep them under this delusion, it is nearly impossible to show them the real reason of their inability to keep the Golden Rule; we can do nothing with them: this is why the churches have often been so great an obstacle

to reform. Their officers are of the order of the priests of old, formalists, who were always denounced by the prophets. Here was I, willing to practice righteousness at any cost; and yet finding it impossible. Here I was at death's door in consequence. I must either do right and starve or find out why I could not live and do right. This difficulty brought me the first lesson as to the sense in which we are 'guilty'; it opened my spiritual understanding as to the general laws governing our whole social fabric. In investigating these laws, some of which are governmental and sustained by force, and others conventional and enforced by custom, I was driven to the conclusion that both sets of laws are artificial and man-made, having no fixed natural or divine foundation; and that, instead of promoting righteousness, which is right-doing, in the present, they are producing crime and misery,—the very conditions they profess to destroy.

"On further study, I was led to the conclusion that I am only an atom among the many governed by these laws; and that, as a unit, it is impossible for me to act contrary to these laws and

remain in the body, since all my bodily surroundings are governed and arranged by them. I found that we are individually controlled by the laws we make collectively. Hence, though many laws are bad, the individual, notwithstanding his desire to be good, must obey them, or become an outlaw. If he obeys them, he is, from the individual standpoint of good, a sinner; and, if he refuses, he is from the collective or legal point of view, a criminal.

"This at once explained why, as an individual, I found it impossible in every-day life to carry out the Golden Rule. It also forced upon me the conclusion that my individual attempts to be virtuous or to satisfy my own conscience, were actually hurting me and all humanity both materially and morally: hence that, so long as the present system lasts, I am powerless as an individual to do right.

"This enlargement of my vision deepened and corrected my first or individual conscience, which was always thinking of the effect of my actions on myself, and forced me to think of the result of my actions on other persons, first materially

and afterward mentally and spiritually. This revelation of the control of law on the material plane, did not help me out of my first difficulty in regard to doing right: it merely explained why I could not do right as an individual or independently of others, and of the general wrong-doing.

"I saw that, under the present systems, the social body receives the greatest material benefits from spendthrifts, blackguards, and destroyers, and should continue to bless them and to build monuments to them. It is the people that recklessly demolish wealth that keep the wheels going. 'Our present industrial system,' says the Rev. Herbert N. Casson, 'is actually built on such an insane plan that it rejoices in waste. "No waste, no business." When a great fire occurs, the carpenters and masons rejoice; when sickness is prevalent, the doctors and druggists smile; and, whenever a death occurs, some undertaker is made happy.' As Ernest H. Crosby said, "The greatest material benefit the laboring people could have would be the sudden death of half of them; or, failing that, to dump half the wealth of the

country into the sea. Either of these would raise wages, lower rents, and really improve the condition of the poor."'

"For wages are high when there are more jobs than hands; and low when two men compete for every place. Rents rise when there are more tenants than tenements; and fall when two landlords seek for every tenant. The amount of wealth has little to do with the amount that the producer of wealth earns. To burn a city diminishes wealth, but it increases the amount that the laborer gets of what he produces. A war decreases the competition for places to live in and creates a demand for men, and so brings 'good times.'

"I saw that this should not be, and that our social system is unequaled for producing devils. It puts a premium on laziness: it makes the thrift of each one an injury to some others. It promotes prodigality, produces intemperance and unnatural habits in eating, drinking, clothing, and is the fruitful source, directly or indirectly, of almost all irregularities in sexual relations.

"Here, again, I was brought face to face with death; for, if I refused to conform to these laws that directly or indirectly perverted every action of my life, I would soon be forcibly put out of existence. From my new standpoint, then, life was too painful to live, since I had continually to take my neighbor by the throat to put bread and butter in my own mouth. There seemed nothing but death before me; and I longed for it, if there were no way out of the difficulty. My world had come to an end, my heaven had passed away: nothing was left to me: I wished I had never been born. I saw no help in my lifetime; and, like Richter's man reviewing the universe, I wanted to lie down and be hidden from the persecution of the Infinite.

"Then came my full illumination, and in it I saw that I was a father trying to shirk the responsibility of rearing his children; that I was a part of the cause of all these things and that my business was to mold them.* I saw the suffering entailed by having to associate continually with others not on my own plane. In the new

* See fable "Separate from Sinners."

light, I had daily to conform to the bad customs and laws made by the majority. Then I understood what was meant by being 'all things to all men,' and 'All things are lawful unto me, but all things are not expedient.' For, when our desires are in accord with all the law of the universe, the fulfilling of those desires must be lawful. I realized now what it was to suffer on the cross, what it was to have to bear the sins of others. I found now that I myself 'in my own conscience' was freed from sin, not being a willing party to it; but, for the sake of others, I had to go on doing the things my soul revolted at. In other words, I had, as a natural man, to return and pitch pennies with children. Not that I approve of or preferred pitch and toss, but that this was the only plane upon which I could meet the children and on which they could understand me."

Such is the course of spiritual experience by which one is brought to the lofty meekness which inherits the earth, to that state in which we spread out our hands, so that we catch all the blessings of the Beatitudes.

A SACRAMENT OF DECEIT

THERE was a man that wished to serve the great King; for, he said to himself: "I am strong of hand and loving of heart, therefore I will help forward the coming of the Kingdom."

He took up the lamp of truth and went against the hosts of darkness, but when the adversary pressed upon him he was afraid, and, laying down his lamp, he hid himself in a refuge of lies.

Now, when the enemy had taken up the lamp, they saw through the wattled walls of falsehood, and, falling upon the poor soldier within, wounded him and left him for dead.

It chanced that another of the children of light passed that way, and when he was asked, "Is your army of such as this?" he thought, "Why should we be ashamed in the face of the foe?" Wherefore, he said: "This was not of our people."

So, when the wounded man revived, the enemy thought that there had been a mistake, and because they spoke softly to him, and because their General's promises were large, he joined the enemy.

To him the Kingdom came not at all.

II

HONESTY

Honesty unworkable in practice.—Suicide not a refuge.—No escape by withdrawal or martyrdom.—Protest.

If we act honestly with ourselves, doing the things that we profess to believe, we must come, either by death or life, to a new and higher existence. In what respects an attempt at partial honesty, with regard to others, is desirable, each, in his circumstances, must decide for himself. The question should really be, "Is dishonesty or cheating ever justifiable to one who believes that acts have a moral quality in themselves?" "Is to lie, ever loving?" is another and a more difficult question: but whether it is loving, in the largest sense, for me to tell any particular lie, seems to me to be always easy to decide *at the time.* To reason out what is lawful or expedient is often difficult, but the heart tells us what is loving.

To be honest is neither to deceive nor to take

from any one anything, however necessary for ourselves, without giving a full and satisfactory equivalent. That is, it is to fulfill the Golden Rule. But, it is easy to see the impossibility, under existing conditions, of even so much as verbal honesty. Truthfulness brings its natural reward in the faith that it creates, often most valuable on critical occasions, but it results in martyrdom, in greater or less degree: so does all right-doing in the world as we have made it. Our difficulties in doing right do not arise only in the strategies of war or other extraordinary situations.

Nearly every one will assert that we "ought" to tell the truth and no lies. But so different are our theoretic and our actual beliefs, and so independent the practices governed by them, that we find, upon the attempt to apply our principle, that it is instantly repudiated.

Every doctor knows that his patients would not tolerate his telling the truth. The nervous invalid is seriously ill, "must be kept from all excitement," asks if he is in any danger. "Oh, dear, no! We shall be all right in a few days."

(Dear, kind doctor!) "Well," says the nurse, "at the worst, that is an innocent white lie."

The lady's maid must lie as nicely as she sews. One can't be rude, and say one is engaged or "begs to be excused:" that sounds so inhospitable. Besides, some people will say, "Oh, she will see *me,*" and come in anyway. Much better say the lady is out, or "not at home,"—a mere phrase, a conventionality, which everybody understands. (Everybody, that is, except those who, if they did, would insist on sending up their names, and those who would think the truth inhospitable or discover, thereby, that we are inhospitable.)

And, then, the lady pleads, people have no business to ask if one is "in": they should say, "Is she receiving?" If they do get deceived, it is their own fault. Then all the little courtesies, "Happy to see you!" "Such a pleasant visit!" and so on. Why, society would be a bear-garden without them, even if they are untrue! So it would: for living falsely necessitates falsehoods.

The bank cashier, from whom the combination or the key is demanded at dead of night, the re-

quest emphasized by a revolver: surely, he is not bound to tell the truth? Spencer says, "There is no moral relation between the parties." He cannot be expected to sacrifice his life for $100,000, which the trust company would hardly miss, nor even for $10,000, which would wreck the village savings-bank. Let him give them the wrong numbers, and frustrate crime and save his own skin, or let them take the money he is pledged to protect!

Beautiful and convenient "morality"! Such a handy thing to have in the house in an emergency! As a Christian lady told her child, who declined to say, "Glad to see you," "You must always say that, because it pleases people, whether it is true or not." Our success depends upon pleasing people.

Yet all this has its disadvantages: the ideal is not always the less practicable. It does happen that, when the invalid is nervous only, not ill, and is told so, he still worries, because he thinks, "They only say I am all right so as not to frighten me." Nay, even when he is really getting well, and the doctor says, "We must cheer

him up: hope will be more than medicine," he still thinks, "All this is a part of this affectionate system of lies: I am much worse." To be sure, the friend whom the woman wishes to see, is uncertain whether she really is at home or away; and it is necessary now and then to call over the banister that she was only constructively "out." Sure enough, it is demoralizing to a trusted officer to have to make up his mind beforehand that he will be a coward or a traitor, if only enough inducements be held out, or, at least, if he be in sufficient danger. Then it is hard to get servants who have so nice a moral sense that they will lie for us, but not to us, and yet are not sensitive when we expose the lies we ordered.

If the banker may lie to save $1,000,000 from the burglars, so may he for $100,000, or for $10,000, or for $100. Even for a dollar he may tell a small lie, and a "little one for a penny." Yet how can he help telling lies, and live?

If a matter of life and death will excuse deception, then danger of death must,—even some danger, or at least certainty of serious injury or

a serious case; and "one cannot be too careful: any illness may prove serious." And "one must live."

Of course, deception, when willingly done, brings its own punishment, not only in inability to get credence, but in the actual giving over to the belief of a lie. Let the practice go far enough, and the patient becomes unable to distinguish whether what he says is true at all or not. Aye: in order to excuse himself and to quiet his conscience, the sinner will deliberately set himself to believe the falsehood he has told. "I thought he would get better." "I really didn't remember the combination for the moment." *

"First I told him some lies. Then he told me some lies. He knew that I was lying, and I knew that he was lying. I knew that he knew that I was lying, and he knew that I knew that he was lying; and I knew that he knew that I knew that he was lying, and he knew that I knew

* The foregoing discussion of practical truthfulness was rejected by the leading religious papers, and others, on the various grounds that "the editor did not agree with your conclusions," that it was "too radical," that it was "not well to discuss such questions," that it was "out of our line," and so on. Such are the ecclesiastical guides to the kingdom.

that he knew that I was lying. Then we made our trade."

Is not that an ordinary procedure in "striking a bargain?" *

There is no escape from these difficulties. To end our lives on earth, by lack of conformity to conditions or of proper care, or by reckless overwork, is but to shirk our lesson here. Nor will it do, either to isolate ourselves, like anchorites, or to expose ourselves to death by refusing to conform our actions to the circumstances in which we find ourselves. Either course is merely to smother our voices; and, if we still the voices that can teach, and allow men to slay all the prophets, who shall prophesy? That would be only to keep back the development that we might have helped.

Martyrdom attracts attention and shows earnestness, but gives no explanation of that earnestness. It has secured comparative freedom for thought and some freedom of speech from physical repression, and more martyrdom will be needed before we win these rights en-

* An interesting book called "Who Lies?" published by DeWolfe, Fiske & Company, Boston, illustrates the impossibility of honesty in our society.

tirely; but, in other matters, its effect has probably been much exaggerated. Martyrdom is purely a protest; and, when expression is prohibited by force, it is the only protest possible.

It is not advisable for an enlightened man to sacrifice himself or his powers to every one, as did Buddha in yielding his body to be eaten by the famishing tigress. That was but a step, a necessary step, in his development.* True self-sacrifice consists in co-operating with the divine law of evolution, that works in ourselves and in others, as soon as we recognize it, not in injuring ourselves: for the Spirit cares for all of us. The acceptable sacrifice is simply leaving the worse things for the better, when we see a better thing.

Nor should we allow ourselves to take to ourselves any more pain than we can fairly avoid, on account of the folly or wrong-doing of others. Put the suffering where it belongs, because you love the sufferer. To do otherwise is to take the children away from school. It may grieve you to see them arduously learning, but it cannot be helped. The only practical thing to

* See Fable "Failures of the Ages."

be done is to teach kindly and to protest lovingly, —to be the voice of one crying, if only in the wilderness, "Prepare ye the way!" No other course is open.

Even to over-work in the service of others is to insult the intelligence of the Infinite. Surely the Spirit has provided suitable and sufficient means for all its ends, without over-working its servants. A mere carter who over-worked his horses would be recognized as incompetent.

THE ASCENT OF MAN

On Man's heart fell the seed of Sympathy and from it grew the tree of Helpfulness; and it brought forth the buds of Charity.

When the flowers were withered there fell from the tree the heavenly fruit of Justice.

III

A SEARCH FOR CONTENTMENT

The struggle for existence among members of one body evolves love.—Universal responsibility.—Government, the result of the sum of wills, not of force.—Great and small alike answerable for war.—Shows order in nature.

"For the things that are pleasant to have, for food, and for the best places in which to live, there is an unavoidable competition among all living beings." The stronger in body or in wit get these things; and the weaker, "those less fitted to survive," are starved or pushed aside. Each creature struggles and devotes life trying to get good for itself or for its young. We are part of its struggle; and each of us takes from others the means of living, or even life itself, in order to secure good for ourselves. As all are struggling for the same objects, all the rest are opposed to each one of us. And every competitor is engaged in counteracting our plans and

in bringing us to naught. This is called "the pursuit of happiness."

It seems strange that men, who learned so quickly to co-operate in pursuit of game, should learn so slowly to co-operate in pursuit of happiness.

Not even an antelope or an ant can live or die independently. It must either help its kind, in its degree, or injure its kind, or perhaps, in some measure, however unconsciously, do both. We can choose only as to whether our competition shall be aimed to help or to hinder our fellows.

But the road to heaven lies through hell: through war comes peace. Suffering and death follow imprudence and weakness, in order to teach us wisdom and strength. Affection began with the attraction of male and female and with the necessity of defending each other, and the first conception of retribution sprang from revenge. Afterward this rose to the idea of justice. Accordingly, by natural and by sexual selection, by fights with one another and war with his kind, man has developed the ideas of prudence, of compassion, and of justice. Now we

begin to understand that this fight for existence is not the object of life, but only the training for life; that not even a few can really succeed while every one opposes all the rest; that, as we rise higher socially and spiritually, we rise above the arena, and, looking down upon it, we see the brutality of it, and set ourselves to cure the state of conflict with one another in which all are continually involved. We begin to think that it may be possible to love our neighbor as part of ourselves and to live by loving instead of by fighting; and, instead of despairing of others, or of thinking of our own partial interests, we try to correct the conditions which force us to take part in wars, social and international, which we know to be wrong, but of which we are, nevertheless, partly the cause. For man is a social animal; and each individual is a part of the social community, and, to the extent of the influence he might exert, a part of its government; and is, in that degree, responsible for it and for its doings. It is said that every nation has the best government it is fit for, and this is true; for government rests not upon force, but upon common

purposes, and the purpose is only an aggregate of the wills of the individuals of the nation.*

That "he that wears a fetter needs it, and he that bears a kick deserves it," is true only of communities. The individual may struggle in the fetter and resent the kick, but he will be subjected to them till his fellows also desire to be freed from them.

One of King Charles's ministers lampooned him, saying,—

> "Here lies our Sovereign Liege, the King
> Whose word no man relies on,
> Who never said a foolish thing,
> Nor ever did a wise one."

"Yes," said Charles, "my words are my own: my actions are my ministers'." Charles chanced

* The anarchist's contention that "all government rests, in the last resort, on force," is not true, unless "force" be used to include moral influence. Children are sometimes governed, by wise and affectionate parents, without force. It is so that ants govern one another. For example, there is nothing to prevent one or more ants from seceding. Probably they sometimes do.

In a low state of moral development, resistance to aggression rests upon force; not in a high one. The boycott is not force, and is the common and most effectual means of inducing men to live socially; for instance, if you invite a man to dine, and he insult your wife, only a rough would kick him out. She would retire, and probably he would also, and you would simply refrain from

upon a great truth. All our acts are the acts of others; and all theirs are ours. Over our words we maintain some control. We are answerable for them both; that is to say, we shall experience the consequences of both.

"The poor are guilty of the sins of the rich; for the poor are the many, and the rich are the few, and the many make the condition of which the few are a part." (S. and M. Maybell.)

So the poor should not quarrel with riches as such: almost all men, rightly, desire to be rich. Men are entitled to be as rich as they can be

inviting him again; nor would there be the slightest chance of his endeavoring to force himself into your house, unless it might be gently, for the purpose of making an apology.

The desire for approval is one of the strongest motives we have, and is ordinarily sufficient for all communal control. Where the boycott is used, it need not be, and is not ordinarily, of such a character as to deprive the subject of a tolerable existence. It is like the "sending to Coventry" of English schools. We have a legal and moral right to withdraw our co-operation and society from any one, when to do so is in the interest of another.

In a society which embraces some members of low development, force may be an ultimate resort, at least held in reserve as a threat. But those members could not complain of compulsion, and would not desire to. That is the only argument that the lowest creature can understand or use. It is the argument to which we are driven in dealing with a tiger, and to the tiger's stage of development it is just. The apostle John would have used force had a dog attacked him.

without robbing their fellows. There should be no objection to the coming billionaire, if he could come with clean hands. If men like Edison or Bessemer, who save the world millions of miles of steps and thousands of years of time, know no better reward than money, it seems that they should have it. If a man saves ten hours of my time, I am willing to give him one, or, if he makes two dollars for me, I am glad that he should have a dollar. Under free conditions a man with a million dollars could do no more harm than a man with a million hats.

But, unhappily, the great fortunes of the present day, like nearly all the small ones, are based upon monopolies, mainly patent, banking, tariff, and especially land, as is shown in the list of multi-millionaires. Edison's wealth, for instance, is based partly on patent monopoly, but mainly on telephone franchises. "Scratch a Russian, and you find a Tartar." "Scratch a millionaire, and you find a monopolist,"—a monopolist created by "our" laws.

There are not many of us that could, single-handed, change a government, or prevent or

bring on a war. Yet where governmental action is taken which results in deliverance or in death, whether of strikers or Russians or Filipinos, it is your action and mine. You and I, as part doers of it, are partakers in the common wrong, even though we are only passive in the matter, and the blood of the victims is on our hands. And in evil and suffering, this blood will be required at our hands.

In his famous letter to the mayor of Atlanta, General Sherman said:

"War is hell. You brought on the war, and you must endure its horrors until it is ended."

If the mayor had answered, "I am but one, I did nothing in my own person to bring on the war," he would not in the least have weakened Sherman's argument. Even could he have said, "I protested against this war, I left no stone unturned to keep it off," he would only have relieved himself of moral responsibility. Not the less, as a part, even if an involuntary part, of the Southern Confederacy, he would be held to be a necessary participant in its hardships, and would feel himself that he should blush for, or

glory in, the action of his State. So we participate in the crimes of society and in their consequence.

For, by his very nature, man cannot be alone. Our necessary association is the basis of progress: a solitary man could never rise to be more than a savage man, a brutish man. By association we develop helpfulness, sympathy, and love.

We find that this development is not an accident or a series of coincidences, and we therefore recognize that there is some kind of order in nature and in the universe; that some Principle has made man, for whom it is not good to be alone, suited to associate with his fellows; and that the same orderly Principle rules in ourselves. This association is a part of our nature, and from it there is no escape. It is neither good nor possible that man should be alone: he cannot be alone. "None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself."

SIGNS OF PROGRESS

An Animal found an Eden, in which were lakes and streams, fruit-trees, and animals suited to his use. The beast was not big nor strong, nor as yet was he cunning, and he could not have lived had he not found such a garden. But in it he learned to stand upright and to work with his fingers and thumb. He thought it the region of the blest.

But some of his children were not content, and set out to find strange beasts to fight; and unknown lands to possess. Then the animal grieved and began to think. As he thought, the heads of his unborn offspring grew larger and his nerves began to be sensitive to pain. Those children that were slow and stupid stayed in the garden; afterward, the strong returned and drove them out, and others in turn drove the drivers, so that the place became such a battleground that none could live therein.

Then all the animals were discontented, and said, "We live in an evil world, and life in it is not worth the living."

IV

OUR TRIPLEX NATURE

Three sides to our nature.—Sense a simple one, easily satisfied, easily excusable.—Mental development complicates, spiritual progress adds to difficulties; later clears all.—Realizes universal harmony.—Self-control follows, and, afterwards, internal peace.

THERE are three sides, or stages, to our nature, —animal, mental, and spiritual; they are several, like the sides of a triangle,—though in the perfectly rounded man or woman it is not possible to say where one side ends or the other begins. There are no divisions in nature; mineral, vegetable and animal; fish, bird and mammal, merge insensibly into one another; our classifications are only convenient ways of dealing with their subjects: so it is not necessary to assume that one has a separate body, mind, spirit, any more than to say that a man has in him a separate child, boy, and man. Through the three stages, in their order, every one sooner or later must pass, learning thereby to understand life; just as every

one must pass through childhood, youth, and maturity.

The animal nature begins when life is conscious of itself. It is that which is affected merely through the senses, which are all forms of touch,—tasting, smelling, hearing, seeing, and feeling. These may be highly cultivated in man or in beast. A beast spends its life in gratifying them, having nothing to consider but its animal nature, and it lives a reasonable and satisfactory life in doing so.

Men of animal natures act likewise, and by so doing get the best and highest happiness they are capable of, which is physical comfort and enjoyment. These are "the wicked" whose condition troubled Job and David so much; whose "eyes stand out with fatness," and whose "cow casteth not her calf" (Ps. lxxiii. 7; Job xxi. 10). David comforted himself with the thought that woe awaits them in the future. He certainly hoped so. In truth, they are but like young bears, with all their troubles and experiences before them. They have but one master to serve, the flesh; and, acting according to their simple natures, the way seems clear to them. As Charlotte Perkins Gil-

man says, "A cat can hold only a cat-full"; and when it gets that, no matter how, it is a happy cat. It is impossible to be angry with such persons when their condition is recognized; they do what their nature and the imperfect way that they perceive and understand, compels them to do. Therefore, it is only in a relative sense that we can say of a cat that its nature is good or bad.

A "good" action, as Mr. Spencer observes (*Data of Ethics*), is one adapted to the end desired, as a "good" stroke at billiards is one that scores a point; and a "good" shot, one that kills the man at whom it is aimed. Therefore, when a cat finds another mate, or a dog worries the cat, or a merchant drives a hard bargain, that is a good act, from the point of view of the animal. (See Fable "The Natural Bent.") It is only as each reaches higher aims, that action changes its character and rouses indignation or esteem.

The indignation is felt most by those who are only a little above the act condemned: the admiration most by those who are capable of something nearly as good themselves.

To dislike or to be angry with any one is simply

not to understand him. We know that cats are sly and cruel, yet we do not hate a cat. We understand that such is its nature; and, seeing that circumstances made it so, we harbor no malice toward the beast. At the worst, transgressors are only astray; and, as Epictetus says, "The Guides should not be angry with those who go astray."

We should feel the same to our undeveloped man, whom we call "wicked," as we do to the cat, if we knew what influence, heredity, and circumstances made him as he is. While striving to better him, we would say, "For the kind of man that he is, he is just the kind of man he ought to be, though it is a pretty crude kind."

We all recognize the standard of each individual, as we excuse bad manners or bad morals by the reflection, "He knows no better," or "She did the best she knew." How, then, are the persons blamable for not doing better? Yet the errors that seem most ridiculous or contemptible are usually those which the perpetrator had not yet acquired sufficient means of avoiding. These make us feel pleasantly superior because we had

such means. We know, did we but think, that all beings, whatever they do, are only acting out their nature. So long as they do not realize that there is any life higher than their own, so long do they recognize that whatever they do is a natural part of all life; as change seemed natural to the stoic philosopher, who, when he was told of the death of his son, replied, "I never supposed that I had begotten an immortal."

Because the animal leads a reasonable animal life, certain schools of "philosophy"—notably, the Epicureans—taught that the highest good for man is to gratify his senses. Later, this idea was enlarged to mean that by "cultivating ourselves," so as to have many wants, and then gratifying them, we reach "the highest exercise of our faculties," and in this find happiness.

As a mere animal, man is, on the whole, in harmony with natural laws, and has animal happiness. But, as soon as the mind awakes, he begins to be dissatisfied, he comes into new conditions which he is not adapted to; and, as soon as the soul is quickened and the throes of the birth of the spirit begin, he is in more misery. He feels

desires which he does not know how to gratify. He feels new natures, the mental and the spiritual, neither of which he can satisfy.

As Tolstoy says: "As soon as the mental part of a person takes control, new worlds are opened, and desires are multiplied a thousand-fold. They become as numerous as the radii of a circle; and the mind, with care and anxiety, sets itself first to cultivate and then to gratify these desires, thinking that happiness is to be had in that way." (On "Life.") The body becomes exhausted in the effort to keep up with the needless and unlimited demands that the mental development has opened up. Persons that have attained only to the mental development submit everything to the test of reason, which is correct; reasoning is necessary, though it is not all that is necessary: but there they stop, not recognizing that there is any other or higher stage of being than their own mental stage. Persons in this condition usually think the world an evil one, since they do not understand how there can be any peace in it. The nerves become wearied and worn with the constant transmission of mere emotion, so that they

have to keep going and seek new excitements: this cannot be kept up always and there is collapse after collapse until nervous prostration often becomes a chronic disease.

What we call "altruism," the preference by an act of will of the happiness of others to our own immediate gratification, is the highest product of the mental side of our nature. It begins when we see and realize that we are brethren, or when a long experience of the race has ground into us that the suffering of others will certainly act and react, directly or indirectly, upon ourselves. Next we understand what misery is and the hopelessness of any individual escape from it except through the escape of all. But this is not full spiritual development: it is only the unbearable state which ushers in that spiritual development that will recognize the good in all things. Being only a part, it cannot comprehend the whole development.

In the last stage of the three, as selfishness disappears, the spiritual man feels that he is spirit, and, as such, is in accord with all spirit and with the productions of spirit; that is, with all material

things. Spirit understands the universe, as we understand steam, and can therefore use and control it as we use and control steam. Thus, becoming part of the ruling element, man has command over everything that is.*

Until he reaches the spiritual stage, however, man is like the elephant, whose strength giants could not resist, but which, because he does not know this, is subject to a little child and frightened by the fluttering rag. In the spiritual stage a man sees things comprehensively and acts accordingly, and his perceptions are in harmony with reason. He realizes that he is a necessary and proper part of the whole, and sees that his greatest good must come from the greatest good of the whole, not from the ascendency of any part of himself or from the "greatest happiness of the greatest number" or from any part of the universe; but that the animal, mental, and spirit natures are one, and are one with the universe, because a part of the universal Spirit.

The mind is superior in its nature to the body,

* This is the state that Dr. Bucke treats of in his book "Cosmic Consciousness."

and we are beginning to realize how it can consciously control the functions of body and to what a wonderful extent it can expand that control. It acts through the nerves, and includes them in this control. But what controls the mind? Is it not the nature which is higher still, the spirit?

We recognize two kinds of self-control: physical,—that by which, for instance, a man suppresses a start as a cannon is fired; or a woman forbears to scream as a wasp lights on her face: mental,—that by which a merchant, when he goes home, can put away from his thoughts the notes that come due to-morrow: or, in its higher form, —that by which one can "deny himself," refusing, for instance, to prefer the interests of his children to the claims of larger humanity.

When hate is put away from us, it may be either by mental or by spiritual control, according to the motive. If the man does it because he knows it is for his own happiness, as mental science shows him how to do, that is mental self-control. If it is put away because the heart fills with love, that is spiritual control. That is

the larger life, the perfect love, in which the man as an individual, a part, is absorbed and ceases to be able any longer to act selfishly; but is forced to act for all humanity regardless of how the action may appear to others. A fully developed spiritual man ceases to act for his own ends as an individual: he is acted upon, divine action is through him.

There is nothing incomprehensible or needing special intellectual perceptions in all this. Any one who can put what is said here into his own words will say at once, "There is nothing strange about that: it is just what every one knows of himself."* This is one of the tests of truth.

* The mental, or reflective, part of the man has its special function in guiding the intuitional part, which seems to be a phase of the "occult," or sub-conscious, mind. When the reasoning faculty is in sole control, we have a materialist, a man devoid of perceptions other than those of the senses and of reason. When the intuitional, or sub-conscious, mind is in sole control, unrestrained by reason, we have a lunatic or else a "medium," ill adapted to anything except that special function.

Is it not because lunacy is produced by the breaking away of the rest of the nature from that which operates through the senses, that manual, and especially agricultural, occupations are found so efficacious in the treatment of lunatics? (See an interesting discussion of this relation in Hudson's *Law of Psychic Phenomena.*)

RISE AND PROGRESS OF A SOUL.

THERE was a man who cried that life was hard, and that all went ill with him. Therefore, he snarled at men, and wailed that all the world was bad.

God said to him, "Your hell is in your heart."

The man cried out, "Though I do righteously, yet the wicked beat me down." Therefore, his hand was against every man. He sighed that not a God, but devils, ruled the world.

God said, "The school for you is my earth."

Again the man cried out, "There is no happiness below for me; for men have trampled on my rights, and I have been a fool. I shall be happy in a better world."

God said, "Such heaven as you conceive I give."

Once more the man cried out: "I am not holier than other men, for are not all one flesh? In the sins they do and the fights they make I must needs take my part. Yet I am one with God."

God answered him, and said, "My brother and son, my kingdom is in you."

V

THE LAW IN OURSELVES

The search for happiness from circumstances, "the mania for owning things"; from intellect.—Love alone satisfactory, meaning universal love.—The growth of altruism; altruism and self-seeking the same thing.—The recognition of brotherhood: drives out hate.—"Tout comprendre est tout pardonner."—Love, not duty, the guide.—No moral character in mere actions.—Following convictions leads to light.—Shows suffering as consequences of error.—Artificial morality, the sin of the churches.—True morality.

HAPPINESS is not to be had by gratifying the animal nature, nor by material things, however pleasant these may be. Indeed, any one who intelligently considers the accompaniments of a rich life will question whether they bring, on the average, more pleasure than annoyance. Horses, for instance, are very desirable; but to keep one horse is as much trouble as to keep a boarder, and no one is ever satisfied with it, while to keep a stable takes as much time as to keep a hotel. If you have so much money that you can carelessly

turn affairs over to servants, then you feel that you are robbed at every turn, and that you are surrounded by a set of mercenaries whom you support; so that, as a wealthy woman said, "I am the keeper of an Irish boarding-house."

The more possessions one has, the more care one has. The more one has, the greater are the efforts of others to get part of it away for themselves. So that very wealthy persons live in open or secret fear of their very lives, and feel that they have hardly any friends on whom they can count; often that their children covet their wealth, and are waiting for their death; and that even their lovers come wooing the money. A man gets money: then in order to "enjoy it," he must spend it. He buys quantities of things for which he has no real need. Next he must have a big house to put them in, and must entertain, to show the house. Troops of servants must be had to take care of the things and of the guests. The servants themselves must be looked after; and affairs multiply till the man's, and especially the woman's, life is entirely taken up with looking after the complicated require-

ments of an unnecessary way of living. This we call "maintaining our position in society." Truly, it reminds one of Alice's position in *Through the Looking-glass,* where every one had to run as hard as he could in order to stay where he was.

Even intellectual pursuits, unless they be intended for the good of others, come to be recognized as objectless; and, however we increase pleasures or amusements, there comes a time when they end in emptiness and satiety. In the meantime all of these things exclude the opportunity and often the possibility of understanding the best of any one, and therefore of fully loving any one.

Yet there is nothing worth having but love; not alone giving the "love" of which we are accustomed to think, which is usually little more than a preference for things or persons that minister to our comfort or happiness more than others do; but also the love that is an all-embracing sense of unity with every one and every thing, which comes to the poet and to the saint; that is, to really conscious persons.

Love is that sympathy which makes us feel that the universe is a part of ourselves. We can neither be afraid nor jealous of those whose interests and being are the same as our own. Therefore, "perfect love casteth out fear."

From the selfish love springs "duty,"—the obligation that we feel to further the well-being of ourselves or of others. This becomes an infectious race-feeling, though it is often so perverted that we see in it nothing but a fear of the natural penalties for the violation of law, which are consequences, or a fear of artificial penalties, which are punishments. So derived, it is evident why the sense of "duty" is a moral and a virile trait, but not a spiritual trait. When unselfish love is born, the sense of duty dies. It is no longer needed.*

* Duty rises, at first, a gloomy tyranny, out of man's helplessness, his self-mistrust, in a word, his abstract fear. He personifies all that he abstractly fears as God, and straightway becomes the slave of his duty to God. He imposes that slavery fiercely on his children, threatening them with hell, and punishing them for their attempts to be happy. When, becoming bolder, he ceases to fear everything and dares to love something, this duty of his to what he fears evolves into a sense of duty to what he loves. Sometimes he again personifies what he loves as God, and the God of Wrath becomes the God of Love; sometimes he at once becomes a

The savage, a mere brute, cares for no one but himself: he will destroy the life of any one, in order to enlarge his own. In a higher order, man begins to have some care for his wife and afterward for his offspring. With the advance of moral education, he comes to care for his whole family; and, as growth goes on, his care includes the tribe.

Still later his affections go out to his State, as was common in America before the Civil War. Now the wider-minded, larger-hearted men begin to care for the nation; and indications are not lacking that this extended family feeling, which we call "patriotism," will embrace all English-speaking peoples, and, perhaps, eventually, all humanity, and even the

humanitarian, an altruist, acknowledging only his duty to his neighbor. This stage is correlative to the rationalistic stage in the evolution of philosophy and the capitalist phase in the evolution of industry. But in it the emancipated slave of God falls under the dominion of society, which, having just reached a phase in which all love is ground out of it by the competitive struggle for money, remorselessly crushes him, until, in due course of the further growth of his spirit or will, a sense at last arises in him of his duty to himself. And when this sense is fully grown, which it hardly is yet, the tyranny of duty is broken, for now the man's God is himself; and he, self-satisfied at last, ceases to be selfish." —*Bernard Shaw.*

whole creation. Then we shall see, and later we shall feel, that all war is civil war.

Now why does the savage begin to care for the members of his immediate family, as well as for himself, and sometimes even in preference to himself? Why do we feel a sympathy with the Armenian Christians? Is it not fellow-feeling in both cases? Is it not because we recognize that the Armenians are part of ourselves, that they and we have a common origin and similar feelings, that they are our kind, that they are, in short, our "brothers"? That is "kind" love, kind-ness: it is simply extended and enlightened selfishness. The better we know these people or know any persons, and understand their desires and thoughts and griefs, the more and the better we love them.

Surely, it is but a lack of mutual understanding among races which have different languages, manners, and desires, that makes the Englishman think of "the fickle and unreliable Frenchman"; while the Frenchman, with equal sincerity, speaks of "*perfide Albion.*" We distrust the Oriental, thinking that truth is not in him; and

he retorts in his various tongues by calling us "foreign devils."

When we know and understand all mankind, feeling that they also are, not only of one flesh, but of one spirit with ourselves, shall we not regard them also as of our own family, and bestow upon them our enlarged and enlightened family affection? The fact is that "patriotism," "family affection," and "maternal love," good as they are, so far as they go, are nothing but more or less extended selfishness.

The federation of the world, like the federation of the family, must be based on understanding and on sympathy. The necessary principle of love is in every one, for the most depraved criminal has some one, even if it be but his mother, who does care for him; and we can no more love that which is not lovable than we can see that which is not visible.

On the lower plane, an understanding of our community of interest soon develops this sympathy: if one tribesman is killed by a tiger and his children left in want, each one thinks the tiger may kill him too. So they unite to kill the tiger

and later unite to provide for the children of the dead man. On the higher plane, the sympathy is developed by working out our nature in our acts: love grows by exercise.

The early Quakers, who secured for English-speaking people such liberty of speech on religious matters as we have, maintained that in every individual there is a spark of infinite love, which, if attended to, will not only show the right course to be pursued; but will also lead the animal man in the right course as soon as he becomes sure that he cannot walk in it by mere will. They had no creed or set of principles to be adhered to, as such, by any exercise of will. To illustrate: some busybody told George Fox that William Penn was wearing a sword, expecting that Fox would immediately accuse Penn of inconsistency, as it was generally held to be a tenet of the Quakers that they should not fight. But Fox said, "Let him wear it, as long as he can," knowing that, if Penn was conscious of the infinite love within him, there would come a time when the sword would be laid aside naturally, not torn from his side by law or by his disbelief in fight-

ing, but because he had no use for it, the spirit of anger having vanished. For, if any one, being full of anger, refrained from fighting, he was, from the Quaker standpoint, acting the hypocrite, and was a mere professor. But, if he let out his anger, being at the time desirous of love, he would be so humiliated that his whole being would yearn to be again in accord with the law of love, and his anger would cause a revulsion; would be changed into love, so that it would be impossible for him again to fall away. It is only on plucking the apples of Sodom, that men who desire them can learn that they are filled with ashes. These Quakers held that, if they desired to do an evil thing, it was as bad as if they did it: the anger had to be transmuted into affection by the alchemy of the spirit. In other words, they thought that one must be loving, as well as speak and act lovingly.

If I so much as curse in my heart the fly that annoys me, or the man who may have ruined my life, the kingdom is not in me. I am as one who has said to his brother, "Thou fool!" for to think evil of any one is to have hell in our hearts.

Love would show us that every one is doing the best that is in him, and

> "He that shuts love out, in turn shall be
> By love shut out, and at her threshold lie
> Howling in utter darkness."

The greatest evil that the churches do, far outweighing the persecutions that the churches, like every other party in power, have committed, is the teaching that acts can be divided into "wicked"* and "meritorious"; so that the "wicked" acts can be expiated by penance, and that the "merit" will be rewarded in a world to come. Though, perhaps, to some, that hope and that terror is still useful. Actions have what we regard as moral character, but only as they are the expression of feelings of love or of hate.

It is only by working out our nature according to the circumstances to which, with our knowledge, we are subject, that we ever learn any better way, or even that there is a better

* Professor Albert R. Parsons says that "wicked" in King James's version is generally a mistranslation for violent, proud, or such words. That it was just at the time that candles were introduced in England, and the translators made an adjective from the word "wick," the thing sure to be burnt.

way. Therefore, when we refrain from doing something that we wish to do, let us not on that account credit ourselves with virtue. It is merely a piece of expediency on our part, which may or may not be wise. If I tear up an ugly letter which I have written, that is a "moral" act; but I tear it up because, weighing all considerations, I do not really wish to send it; those considerations may be cowardice, or avarice, or convention instead of love. The evil is in us so long as we desire evil, and, notwithstanding our resistance, will, in some form, work itself out in us. The most we can get from our refusal to put it in practice is a strengthening of our will. Until we see that evil-doing is not a good to us, and until we have such a dislike to it as we should have to drinking a glass of stagnant water, however nicely sweetened and spiced it might be, we might as well, for all the effect upon ourselves, do the evil, and be done with it. We shall be the sooner done with it, because of the sense of degradation and disgust which it will produce.

We can grow only by actually doing what seems to us at any stage to be right, however

mistaken we may be. By carrying out the relative right, that which is right for us, we come to understand what is absolutely right.

"The song is to the singer, and comes back most to him;
The theft is to the thief, and comes back most to him;
The love is to the lover, and comes back most to him;
The gift is to the giver, and comes back most to him—
it cannot fail.

. . . . .

And no man understands any greatness or goodness but his own, or the indication of his own."

—Walt Whitman.

So Americans are learning, slowly, but learning by recurring depressions, that efforts to make "foreigners" pay our taxes are as disastrous as they are unjust; while many Englishmen of this generation, who have not tried it, are selfishly hankering after "protection." In the same way, a hundred years ago, every one believed that war meant "high prices and good times." After the war of the secession, we found that war meant high taxes and suffering, as well as oppression. Yet the most of our generation have to learn it once more, though many now know its evils without having to try it again.

Had the nation been forcibly restrained from fighting, or found no one to fight, it would still think that all that was needed for felicity on earth was to get a chance to kill weaker strangers. Some time mankind will find out that all war is war upon ourselves.

If, therefore, the nation is persuaded by its sympathies and by those who have an interest in war that it ought to fight, its best course is to fight, and thereby learn the folly of fighting.*

To follow a code of morals, and therefore do something that is repugnant to us, is just as likely to result in further demoralization, as in moral advance. When the Indian tortures himself, or the hangman executes the sentence upon his prisoner, each because he "ought to," each is brutalized, and, just to the extent of his act, loses kindliness for others, as soldiers and jailers lose kindliness. And, if we give charity because "we ought to," we simply harden our own hearts and darken our own eyes.

Our growth is like coming out of a cave. We have a certain amount of light. If we refuse to

* See Fable "The Natural Bent."

follow it, we shall wander farther into the depths. If we follow it, we shall get more light, until we reach the perfect day.

Help your friends, those whom you love or that you feel have claims upon you. Your happiness is in that, if you did but know it. If you, in truth, help yourself at every step of your development, you cannot fail thereby most effectually to help the universe. Soon you will grow till you feel that all men whom you can help are friends. Then you will desire to help all men, and will have answered for yourself the puzzling question, "Who is my neighbor?"

"SEPARATE FROM SINNERS"

I said: "I will separate myself from the world, O Lord. My soul is white, and I am weary of the sins of men."

God said: "Your hands are red. How came your soul so white?"

I answered: "Lord, it is a bloody world; and generations of men have suffered from their sins. I have profited by their errors. Have I not seen how evil spots the soul? I have kept mine white."

"Are all your brethren's souls now white?" said God.

I hung my head.

"Go back to your work," said God; "you have learned in their pains, and you must suffer in their penalties."

VI

THE WORLD'S PAIN

"Religion" implies right practice and the throes of rebirth.—Education painful.—Growth of religion.—At war with evil.—The new creation evolves happiness, notwithstanding struggle.—Participants in evil, protest alone available.—Unavoidable share in social oppression.—We must admit guilt.—Our share of guilt.—Necessary in nature of things.—Individual goodness impossible.—Effect on health.—Not a question of will.

THE realization of man's spiritual nature is what we call *religion,* always perfect in its essence, always, as yet, imperfect in its degree. Religion is the "binding together" of our nature with the nature of the universe. It consists in conformity to wise law; that is, to Justice. This religion is practical: it means righteousness in ourselves. But, as soon as we have the righteousness, we are forced to begin to create for others, in a half-baked world, that kingdom of heaven which brings to ourselves a calm that outward things can neither make nor break. In so trying to externalize the kingdom, we further exemplify

the law under which we learned. Creation, the new birth, which we call development, is going on in ourselves; and we begin to join in like creation of others, by aiding their development; for "I, if I be lifted up, shall draw all men unto me." As soon as we are freed from agony by recognizing the lack of harmony that causes agony, we strive to show the cause to others, for we cannot take the promised land alone.

In such striving to remove this source of pain, for the good of others, and not in thinking of ourselves, true happiness is found. It is spiritual peace and joy and love, such as a mere animal cannot desire or even understand.*

Accordingly, when justice, the perfect law, has been realized in our hearts, however slightly, we can try to practice it in the world.

To do this involves us at once in further and fiercer war, for we cannot do justice individually or alone. Though individuals, we are a part of a social whole, a community; and what, as a community, we sow, that, as a community, we must also reap.

* This is the message of Tolstoy in his difficult book on *Life*.

You and I may be clean and breathe fresh air, but if the people are dirty and keep their rooms close, we shall have smallpox in our town. And to try to clean the town antagonizes all sorts of "interests," as Ibsen shows in "Pillars of Society."

As members of one body, we are forced to take our part in the sowing as well as in the reaping; but not to take part in it silently. In our words and in our lives we must protest, showing clearly that we are not willing parties to the evil that we share. But, unlike the Pharisee, we must always openly acknowledge that, so long as we live upon the labors of others, in action we are wrong-doers. We cannot live in a community without conforming in action to its ways.

As the children's song says, "You're a rogue, and I'm another." We do not desire to be so, probably nobody does; but we are. And, when we realize that we are sinners ourselves, it is easy to be a friend of sinners.

Suppose we serve ourselves, or an employer, or our country so well that we do the work of three men. Then we are most dangerous com-

petitors. We take the places of three men, increase the standard of the amount of labor required of each worker, and make the struggle for a living harder for some. This is the result of our superior skill or strength. We may mean well, but, under present conditions, we plunder some one of part of his livelihood.

The extortioner and the oppressor are responsible for only part of the injustice they commit, for they could do nothing without persons who submit to them. You and I submit, even if unwillingly. If the army retreats, you and I, as private soldiers, must retreat with it. Yet it is you and I that retreat; and we shall be reproached for it, and shall feel that we are justly disgraced. As Professor Herron says:

"However hard or devoutly our wills be set against it, so long as the system exists, we are all competitors in some degree. All of us who live in any measure of comfort live more or less by economic stealing, no matter what our occupations or intentions. Our comforts are bought with the poverty, and even the lives, of beaten men and women.

"It is practically true, and ought to be true, that no one of us can extricate himself from the social disgrace and pain until the whole social life is extricated. We cannot sleep, eat, wear clothes, travel, educate ourselves, read books, attend public worship, without participating in the social wrong and bearing the social guilt. But, withal, we need not continue in the sin of the system under the delusion that grace may thereby abound. There is a divine, as well as a devilish, complicity in evil. We may be in, though we are not of, organized wrong. We may war and sacrifice against the competition that besets us, participating in it only for its overthrow and the social rescue. We may confess our part in the social stealing, and partake of it, only to expose it for the social deliverance. We may help the prosperous to understand how the system makes them social thieves, in spite of themselves; pious, maybe, and honorable, but none the less thieves, to be brought to judgment with the system."

The Reverend Charles E. Garst said, "Individual purity in the midst of social impurity is

much like household purity in a great city without a sewer system."

We can no more keep what we have than we can "make a living" without taking advantage of the system of society, founded, as it is, on injustice. Every one knows that, if he is in business, he prospers only by taking trade from some one else; and that, if he is not in business, he lives as directly upon others, as if he ate their flesh. It will not suffice to "try to be just." Who of us can be just?

But, could we refrain from every deceit, still we should not be just. Under our system, even a day laborer who does two dollars' worth of useful work for one dollar, gets the job and the dollar at the expense of leaving some one else "out of work." To be just is to deprive no one of his earnings, not to live at the expense of others, not to have share or benefit of interest, rent, or taxes, all of which are the product of the labor of others. Justice, like purity in politics, or anywhere else is, indeed, under present conditions "an iridescent dream."

As the Rev. Dr. John Hall said: "To be 'sin-

cerely but imperfectly' just! Why, sincere but imperfect truth is untruth. Sincere but imperfect justice is injustice." Even by our own standards "there is none righteous,—no, not one." You say, "May I not go my way, harming no one?" You might if you could; but, only when equal freedom is attained, will this be possible. Monopoly has closed the doors, and made you as one in the middle of a crowded hall when there is an alarm of fire. You cannot "go your way" except over the bodies of your fellows, children and women and men: you must either trample or be trampled.

In writing this, I am using an oil lamp, and thereby adding to the power of the Standard Oil monopoly. The unbearable iniquity in which that power is used will be understood by any one who will read Henry D. Lloyd's "Wealth Against Commonwealth."

The paper I write on paid a profit to the paper trust, and the book reached you loaded with inflated charges of transportation companies. Each of these corporations, to which you and I have contributed, has the power, and

uses it, to deprive men of liberty and of freedom to do right; forces them into various deceptions, oppressions, and frauds, in order to advance its interest and to retain their situations. We are already learning, when we find "graft" and corrupt practice among the hirelings, to look for "the men higher up." We shall learn later that they also are only parts of the social machine, no worse nor better than the rest.

To refrain from using oil or from using paper, as some vegetarians, somewhat ineffectually, try to refrain from consuming the bodies of animals, would not even tend to help our fellows.

So we are compelled, and assist in compelling one another, to live in a state of war. This condition of things affects physical health. And depression and disease are infectious, like good spirits and health. As says Dr. E. H. Pratt:

"There is no condition of health or disease in which the element of fear does not do serious mischief. Let suggestion be aimed at it until every vestige of it is destroyed. There is no condition of health or disease in which jealousy is not harmful. Let it be suggested out of existence. There

is no condition of health or disease to which greed is not so detrimental that it deserves the earnest consideration of all healers. It is a common as well as a grievous fault. There is no condition of health or disease in which sensuality in all its types is not only disgraceful, but also disastrous. Suggestive therapeutics is especially fitted to cope with it, and a warfare of extermination should be at once inaugurated. There is no condition of health or disease in which hatred is not a dangerous attribute. Let it be marked by psychic specialists for complete extinction. There is no condition of health or disease that worry does not disturb and damage. Let wholesome thought currents be directed against it until it is annihilated. Let mental healers attack insincerity, distrust, infidelity, skepticism, and ignorance, and all errors of the heart and mistakes of the head, until every thrill of selfishness is extracted from the hearts, and every false thought or suggestion is swept from the brain of men."

But love is a better disinfectant than suggestion. So that often, when one says of a child

that it is cross because it is not very well, it would be more correct to say that it is not very well because it is cross. In fact, we do sometimes say this in concrete form, when we attribute a fit of indigestion or headache to passion or to worry. Is it reasonable to confine these conclusions to our children or to our neighbors? Are not you and I also of the same nature? May not, then, chronic debility or habitual nervous depression be due, at least in part, to habitual harshness or to chronic self-seeking?

That we do not desire evil or to do evil does not release us from taking part in it, nor from the effects of it. It is doubtful if any one desires to be bad, but circumstances compel or induce many to do wrong. The results to those who suffer from the wrong are the same whether it is done willingly or not. As the shipwrecked sailor eats his comrade, or as we take trade from our competitor, the fact that there is no wish to injure him, but merely to save ourselves does not help the victim.

As to ourselves, it makes the greatest difference. If we are truly humane this method of

living will be distasteful to us and we will not and cannot be silent. We must express our disgust, even if only by doing the wrong in such a way as to explain and emphasize its true character and results. This is "to be done day by day, with evil, and to live to righteousness." The better nature in us will protest; and, to the extent that the protest is heard by others, some others will be estranged and that higher nature will be crucified. For harmony is possible in its perfection only when we live among the righteous. So long as the evil conditions remain about us, to do as little of the conventional evil as possible, or to do the evil tenderly, will not tend to help moral progress.

The real sustainers of American chattel slavery, those who kept it so long in being, were not the brutal Legrees, but the kind St. Claires and the testamentary emancipators, like Jefferson, whose use of the "peculiar institution" made slavery defensible. Just so it is the "charitable" and the "philanthropic" that palliate the horrors of our industrial war, and the "red cross" and the "civilizers" that palliate the horrors of our

national wars. All of these cover brutality from our sight, and so prevent its abolition.

Were the pauper and the destitute striker left to die in our streets, or the sick or wounded soldiers left to die in the sun or in the frost, some at least would be shocked out of tolerance of the cause of such intolerable results.

The value of our relief measures is in softening the hearts of the relievers.

THE NATURAL BENT

A Wolf there was, and he was huge and ravenous. He snapped at his fellows, and would not hunt with the pack. He ate his cubs, and, because he was fierce and swift, he killed more prey than he could eat.

God blessed his brute, and said to him, "Feast on your cubs, and eat their mother, too; for there is nothing better for a Wolf."

A Pariah-dog there was, and he was strong and churlish. The hand that caressed him he bit. In the night he went sheep-stealing, till watch-dogs attacked him. Then he ran away, and saved his skin.

God blessed his cur, and said, "Go, fill yourself with flesh, and tear the friendly hand; for that is the best you know."

A Hound there was, and he was cunning and sharp. He hunted game, and watched the house. But, when he could, he stole; and he lived in fear of the whip.

God blessed his creature, saying to him, "Ay, steal the game, and fear the lash; for only so you may learn."

A Mastiff there was, and he loved the children; and, when gypsies stole his master's sheep, he flew upon the men. But with other dogs he fought, and he would leave his charge for strife.

God blessed his dog, and said, "Yes, guard the sheep, and fight till your flesh is torn to shreds; for that is the way I teach."

. . . . .

For Beast or Man learns only by working out experience. Dog eats dog in war, and what we call sins and consequences are but lessons in the primer of our Nature's God.

VII

THE DELIVERANCE FROM BONDAGE

Suffering a part of our school course.—Not to be relieved by force.—The divine end and means and method.—Development hindered by outside interference.—Compelling children to be "good."—Experience of ill teaches self-restraint.

"No man is wise enough or good enough to govern another"; yet, the more wrong and the more narrow-minded men are, the more determined they are to force others to walk in their ways. As we become more enlightened, we cease to despise or hate those who do not like, nor even see, what we admire. "A liberal education" is one that makes us liberal: that is, free in our minds.

Perhaps, when we become as wise as gods, we shall cease to make laws at all, and leave, as God does, all to the natural and inevitable consequence of their own deeds.

Suffering teaches the sufferer the effects of

actions: our efforts to relieve it teach us the causes of the suffering.

To one who understands that suffering is not an accident, but a consequence, the Call is to show the sufferers its origin and to teach them to avoid that, whether caused by themselves or by others. They must suffer and suffer, in spite of, and even because of, all we can do, until they and we learn the causes of suffering. When they and we learn its causes, and set ourselves to removing them, the suffering becomes tolerable to them and to us.

We may think, perhaps, that persons have no right to bring into the world children for whom they cannot provide. To refrain from so doing, may cause greater evils; but, if we think that is a cause of misery, let us tell the people so. We shall get good thereby. If reckless child-bearing really be a cause, and you and I merely relieve the unfortunate children, unless we make the people understand, there will be still more destitute children in the next generation. But, having shown the cause of pain, the proper method is, not to alleviate the pain, but to let the wrong-

doers feel it, till they desire to remove its cause. Then help them. If, after they have recognized the cause, they still wish to retain it, let them retain it. By no means try to alleviate the pain by making laws restraining them by force from the full gratification of their desires.

It has not been found by experience that force has prevented wrong. In England, when men were hanged for sheep-stealing, sheep-stealing kept increasing. It decreased when the capital punishment was abolished. In many cases force increases the evil.

Says Mr. William Alexander Smith: "The 'evil' I see in prize fighting is that prize fighters, like prostitutes and saloon keepers, are the continual victims of uniformed blackmailers. As in trade and commerce, there should be absolutely free competition in prize fighting, and that class of sport would become a 'drug on the market.' We would have Corbett and Fitzsimmons contesting for the championship for the pennies we would toss to them, as we do to the hurdy-gurdy artists."

Comstock, Gerry & Company should be urged

to carry out what they believe in every detail. They will soon find that they cannot correct things by force. We have been trying for many hundred years to suppress crime by violence, yet crime has increased: so clear is it that we cannot succeed in that way, that the chief mark of civilization is milder punishments. Indirectly, undoubtedly, the lawmongers do great good by showing their inability to do even the false good they had in mind, or to do any good directly. If they succeeded, it would only be in making hypocrites and weaklings. They say, in effect, "Poor God, with no one to help him rule the world." They have not yet learned, with Æschylus, that "the gods, for what they care for, care enough."

If it is true that men learn by suffering for errors, as much as by rejoicing in success, then laws intended to discourage improvident or illegitimate births, or otherwise to compel goodness, are little better than devices to prevent experience,—plans to keep a certain number of spirits from getting the education which they need. Were we to let people alone, whether drunk or sober, until they interfere with the

liberty of another, and to leave drunkenness and the sale of liquor entirely unrestricted, the intemperate would soon drink themselves to death, and thereby cease to propagate their like. To allow them to destroy themselves may seem indifferent or harsh. But the attempt to check them by restrictions certainly has not succeeded. Would it involve more misery to allow nature to weed them out, than is implied in endless generations of the weak and imbecile half-restrained victims of excess that are kept by force from learning that error is destruction? "But, if we remove the restrictions which make liquor so dear, your poor boy would kill himself with drink"? Why should he not kill himself? My sorrowful sister, is it not better so than that, perhaps, crowds of your descendants, through him, should fill the brothels and the jails?

When we see a person spending his money foolishly, getting drunk, or conducting himself in other ways that we think wrong, we are inclined to stop him. We say, "If I were you, or if I were in your place, I would not do so." But, if we had the same knowledge and desires

as he, we should do the same. He is spending his money in the way that pleases him. If he were not allowed to do so, he would feel unsatisfied, and would think that satisfaction would come were he only allowed to gratify his appetites. If he so believes, he can never find out that it is not true, until he tries it.

In the same way we ourselves have done something which has resulted badly. We did what we at that time thought would be for our welfare. We did what we wished to do. If we regret it, we are wasting our sentiment; for we knew no better then. Now we know better, and would not repeat that course.

"Why did I do that? I ought to have done otherwise." You are simply putting yourself, with your present experience, in the place of the person who has not yet gotten it. You are like a child blaming itself because it could not recite its lesson before it had read it in the schoolbook. Although you made your free choice, as your mind inclined, you did not then know enough to refrain: you know now. If you call yourself a fool, it shows only that you are still

much of a fool. We should not, then, unless people are dangerous to others, subject them to restraint from without, for their own benefit or for the benefit of some whom we think we shall thereby relieve; for that is simply to interrupt the lesson.

It is equally injurious to relieve a man of the consequences of his folly, unless they have already made him wise. Ross Winans said, "I have picked up a great many lame ducks in the course of my life, but all of them were lamer when I put them down, than when I took them up." If a man came to me with the gout, do you think I would heal him? Not at all. I should show him that he ate too much and worked too little, and that, as long as he lives that way, he "has a right" to have the gout. This is not a recipe, but a principle, and applies to all the relations of men and women and children, though, because children are helpless, we hardly yet admit that they have any rights. But they have.

When you see a furious man beating his horse, you do not inquire whether the horse was naughty or not. You say, "That is brutal," and threaten

to report him for cruelty to animals. Your children, however, are beaten at home by angry parents; and it is not reported. Nobody calls it "assault and battery." No. You and I tell the children, "whose angels do always behold the face of their Father which is in heaven," that they are wicked, and that God will punish them. Then, lest God should make some mistake, we punish them ourselves.

Consider what an arrogation of divine wisdom and denial of divine justice it is to punish any one: to punish is to put our vengeance in place of the natural results of error. Not even nature attempts to graduate the suffering to fit the crime. All that she decrees is that the appropriate consequence shall follow every violation of law. And this penalty, and the violation, too, is part of the necessary education of the sufferer and of others; through the experience of the transgressors we learn to avoid their mistakes: pain is the angel that withstands even the ass in the perverse way. Besides, pain is a part of law, and happens in accordance with law,—law that we see or understand little or nothing of, but which exists nevertheless.

This is as one should expect. If there is an order in nature, then we may be sure that whatever we do contrary to that order will work wrong and cause suffering, both for ourselves and others. To deny this, to say that the evil tree will bring forth good fruit, is an infidelity no less in the eyes of the scientist than in those of the devout. "I knew," says Ruskin, "that the fool had said in his heart, 'there is no God'; but to hear him declare openly with his lips, 'There is a foolish God,' was something for which my art studies had not prepared me."

The "divine right" of parents to rule is as ridiculous as the "divine right" of kings, and much more injurious. The Declaration of our Independence says that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." Have our children consented that we should be their policeman, judge, and jailer even when we get into a bad temper? Truly, "ignorance, neglect, and contempt of human rights" are responsible for as much of the miseries of childhood as of society.

"But it is necessary to punish children," you

say. Necessary, but not right. That is equivalent to saying either that there is no God or that his law will not work. You are not God yourself, and to punish is to assume more than divine wisdom; for there are no punishments in the divine order of nature, only inevitable consequences. Remember that scarcely omniscience could measure out punishment suited exactly to the offense. Harmony, consequence, law,—that is the message of the Infinite; and when we secrete the candy-box, lest the child should overindulge, we deprive him of his birthright of opportunity for self-restraint. I know at least one child who will play with candy all day long and never touch a bit, except under her mother's advice. She says, "It would not be good for me." She has learned that faith that is justified by its works.

The nature of things is a school in which even a child learns to rule his own spirit, to control himself. Then are we to counteract the discipline of the school?

Of course, it takes more time and trouble to teach children than it does to whack them; but

have you anything better worth the time and trouble—except to go to afternoon teas? If you must beat your little ones, beat them with a club instead of a switch. That will not destroy their self-respect, but stripping and whipping is degrading.

Love, patience, experience,—these, and not slippers, are the divine means of teaching; for bruising can teach a child nothing but that we are bruisers, which it would learn soon enough without our pains. But our bruising does lead a child to think that, if we are not there to punish wrong-doing, it will go unpunished, and that whatsoever the child soweth, that shall he not also reap, but something else,—the only real infidelity.

But, my lazy, dear friend, the world is so made that it really pays to work towards righteousness. "Godliness is profitable for all things," such is the goodness and the severity of eternal law; and you will be surprised to find how even the young barbarian, whom you have brought forth and developed, will respond to kindness. He is not really worse than the boys at the Elmira Re-

formatory or than Dr. Arnold's Rugby boys. If the appeal to reason and righteousness succeeds with them, it might with your little child; and, if we must treat him as a mere animal, it is because we have brought him up as a mere brute, and not as a reasonable soul. Experience is a severe teacher, but there is no other for him or for us. The most we can do is to repeat, explain, and illustrate her lessons. Constantly to stand in her way is the only "sparing of the rod" that can really spoil the child.

A baby sat next its father at breakfast as soon as it was able to sit up, and was consumed with a desire to reach the silver kettle of hot water. The father carefully explained by signs that it would burn. Nevertheless, baby sensibly concluded to try for itself. All right.—It did burn. Papa was wiser than baby thought, and could safely be trusted again. Also baby could be trusted near the kettle. If the child had trusted without trying, it would have been a little fool; and, if the father had forced it to, he would have been a big fool.

If the child has eaten enough, make him un-

derstand that; and, if he will then eat more, let him have indigestion, and let him understand the cause and the consequent discomfort. "But most of the discomfort and care will fall upon me," you say. True; thank goodness for that. We can somewhat bear one another's burdens. Besides, thereby we may get some of the education ourselves: willingly and without resentment to share the consequences of the mistakes of others is the easiest way to appropriate their experience to ourselves.

Your little boy sees you take out a knife, curious, shining,—and cut a stick in two. He feels the faculty in himself also to work such miracles as that, if he only had the knife. But you tell him not to touch it. Being wiser than you, he does touch it. If no evil happens, you are convicted of error. If he cuts his fingers, does not that hurt? Then why do you box his ears? It only makes him think you are stupid or revengeful (he is only a child). Better far to let him try, explain to him its dangers, protect him in the trial, and, as soon as he has learned them, let him have a knife.

Thereby you have fulfilled the highest mission of man. What is the good of you and of me except to show the right and warn against the wrongs? To the extent that we do those things, we are the prophets of the Lord. "There is one God, and every man is his prophet," joyfully, if willingly: otherwise, with pain.

A girl whose education has been by experience will not, like nearly *all* young girls, run out in the wet with thin shoes, merely because mamma is not there to say no; nor will she clandestinely marry a good-looking "count."

Let our children and our fellows know the truth, and they will trust to it and to us. Appeal always to the divinity in men, and not to the beast. If something necessarily disagreeable must be done (there are few such things), explain the reasons, if you see any. Let the pupil know just how much pain he may have to undergo, and accustom him to "do what is wise." If he sometimes refuses to do it, the mischief is less than to run the risk of "breaking his will." It were as well to break a child's back as to break his will. Where deadly peril threatens,

do for your child what you ought to do for your neighbor. You have no right to do more or less. If we see a man ignorantly run in front of the cars, we pull him back. If he but goes out in the rain, we only warn him. So we may do with our children.

We may advise with our superior intelligence: we must not substitute our minds for another's. We may guide by our greater knowledge, but we cannot improve nature with a club. Above all things do not condemn: "Judge not, that ye be not judged," for your judgment will probably be wrong.

So that force, even with children, does little good and much harm, as might be expected. "By no process can coercion be made equitable. The freest form of government is only the least objectionable form. The rule of the many by the few, we call tyranny. The rule of the few by the many is tyranny also, only of the less intense kind." (Herbert Spencer, in *Social Statics.*)

THE GENERATION OF VIPERS

Stupidity married his sister Selfishness; and there were born to them two children, Servility and Tyranny.

These grew strong, and mated with each other. From them sprang Crime and Monopoly, twins; and their parents nourished the twins until they brought forth hateful Strife. From her spring all the furies that corrupt the kindly world.

VIII

POWER AND CHARITY

The charity palliative of suffering, ineffectual and injurious.—Leave charity to the uninitiated.—Its selfishness and stupidity.—The temperance palliative.—The advance in humanity.—Abandonment of restrictions.—The process.—The growing desire for justice; that is, for love.—Trust to the natural growth.

Power exerted through police or through hired agents is inefficient for regeneration: little can be hoped from the "power of money," even if wisely spent,—for instance, in charity.

Charity attracts to the cities a large number who, if left in the country, would support themselves somehow. They come to the city, assured that, if they find nothing to do, there are at least plenty of places where they can get shelter. After the panic of 1873 the citizens' relief committee appointed ex-Mayor Hewitt, the Reverend Dr. John Hall, and other gentlemen trusted by the public, to see what should be done to relieve the distress of the city. After a full investigation, they decided that the best

thing to do was to let the matter alone, because special efforts would create as much distress as they relieved by attracting into the city those who might eke out a living in the country.

We have made no progress in the relief of poverty for eighteen hundred years: we have not fewer paupers, we have not less distress.

Robert Treat Paine says:

"In spite of all we do, the great fact stares us in the face, that pauperism is steadily gaining ground. More paupers each year, more money wanted, larger almshouses building or to be built."

Nor do most of our efforts even tend to lessen distress or pauperism. Model tenement houses increase the crowding about them, because, holding fewer tenants than the buildings they supplant, they take up as much room; and, in addition, their superior character increases the land value and raises rents, by attracting more inhabitants to the district. Free or subsidized cheap feeding interferes with small restaurants and caterers, and does not in the long run furnish as economical or as good a food supply. But,

worse than all this, where there are two men competing for one job, the man who will work the cheaper will get the job, and the man who can live the cheaper, will work the cheaper, so that the more we supply charitable "aid of wages," whether by housing, feeding, clothing, or even amusing the workman, the more you reduce his wages. That this factor is indirect makes it none the less powerful. We do the same thing directly and consciously in our charitable institutions by making garments at prices with which the independent worker cannot possibly compete and live in decency. The self-supporting worker has to pay full prices for his education, his rent and other expenses, and has to sell his product in competition with the work of those whom we teach and board at less than cost, the loss coming out of the pockets of "all such as are religiously and devoutly disposed." It is sad, but undeniable, that our charities are nearly all destroyers of unselfishness by the paid or perfunctory performance of what ought to be done directly from love, and are, besides, actual factories of paupers.

"Whatever exception you may have encountered, you know that the rule is that those who receive relief are, or soon become, idle, intemperate, untruthful, vicious, or at least quite shiftless and improvident. You know that the more relief they have, as a rule, the more they need. You know that it is destructive to energy and industry, and that the taint passes from generation to generation, and that a pauper family is more hopeless to reform than a criminal family." (Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell, in *Outdoor Relief.*)

We are told to help the poor to help themselves. The help they really need is help to get rid of us and of our charities, which but keep us astride of their necks.

Many will not assent to this. Many who do assent will not see clearly, nor act logically if they do see. They also are compassionate. Let them support the charities. "Let the dead bury their dead." Let those who are dead to the real knowledge of social needs hack at the branches of evil, for they know no better. Nay, by stinted means, compel them to apply themselves to find

the most efficacious methods of relief and to seek the roots of misery and destitution. If you yourself do not know what is the matter, or are too lazy to think, why, then, give to the charities.

On a business basis, charity is an excellent investment for the rich. All charities are excellent investments; they are so recommended, even from the pulpit. They make taxes high, but we get it all back out of our pay-rolls. They are very cheap and, ethically, utterly worthless.

"System" takes all the good, moral and material, out of charity. Let us feel the evil, see the difficulties, know the poor, and try to raise those who are put into our hands, and to open opportunities for them all, because they are our friends and our brothers. So we shall give and get love, which alone makes life endurable or heaven desirable.

Temperance appeals more to reason, and not less to sympathy; yet the efforts of temperance reformers are among the chief causes that the present condition of things is tolerated at all. They have impressed upon the public the evils

of drink, so that the morally, mentally, or physically lazy soothe themselves with the idea that intemperance is the chief cause of pauperism. It is not the chief cause: it is the chief effect.

So much for those who think that the gift of God, which is moral elevation, can be bought with silver or gold.

It is hopeless to make men good by law. All that can be done is to help them to freedom, and let them work out their own salvation. To this the world tends.

Notwithstanding the Armenian massacres, the persecution of the Doukhobòrtsis, the subjection of Finland, the Dreyfus case, the massacres in Italy, the Filipino freebooting expedition, and the Colorado "bull pen," we have no reason to think that there ever has been in the world so much freedom as there is to-day.

We hear much about Greek liberty and intelligence lost to mankind; but this compares the most advanced aristocrat of one age, the Greek citizen, with the mass of men of our own age. It would have been more absurd to refer questions of art to "the people of Greece," including

the vast majority who were "helots," upon whose labors the few lived, than it would be to refer these questions to our own ignorant helots, who have at least intelligence enough to make comparisons. Of course, the dominant class got whatever it wanted then, just as our dominant classes get what they want now, and will continue to get it until our helots learn to care for the interests of all.

In the times of Greek "liberty" only a few of the "people" of Greece got any of it; while, in most of the world, the idea of freedom had not yet dawned. We read of the independence of the Pilgrim Fathers, who whipped Quakers, owned slaves and denied even votes to women. It has only just dawned on the world that slavery, chattel, economic, or sexual, for any being, is wrong.

We hear a great deal about the increasing drift toward State regulation of industry. This supposed tendency was a trouble to Mr. Herbert Spencer. Investigation will show, however, that in reality no such drift exists: the current seems rather to be setting the other way. What looks

like such a tendency in legislation is simply an attempt to meet new conditions by a partial application of old specifics. It is not necessary to examine our own legislation in detail, as a few words on Spencer's essays on *The New Toryism* and *The Coming Slavery* will illustrate the point. Spencer refers with grief to fifteen English acts passed from 1860 to 1864. These were two extensions of the Factories Act to include certain trades, acts regulating prices of gas, truancy, two for vaccination, hire of public conveyances, drainage, employment of women in coal mines, authorized pharmacopœia, two for local improvement in bake-houses, and inspection of food. These are fair types of "socialistic" legislation everywhere.

All these, except those for the hire of conveyances, employment of women, for coal mines, bake-houses, and inspection of food, are applicable to conditions that were not dreamed of a hundred years ago; and even these five appear to have become serious only on account of the nineteenth-century crowding of cities and growth of factory life.

From 1880 to 1883 Spencer finds eleven "socialist" acts of Parliament. They are for regulating advance notes on sailors' wages, for the safety of ships, compulsory education, excise, trade reports, electricity, public baths, lodgings, cheap trains, payment of wages, and further inspection of bake-houses.

Now compare these, one by one (to take our samples mostly from incidental mention in the same essays), with the press gang law, which, up to the middle of this century, enslaved the sailor; with the fifteenth-century law which prohibited captains from setting out in the winter; with the law favoring education by "benefit of clergy," which exempted those who could read, from hanging; laws fixing the price and quality of beer; penalizing the export of gold; with the laws that, up to 1824, forbade the building of factories more than ten miles from the Royal Exchange; regulated the minimum time for which a journeyman might be retained and the number of sheep a tenant might keep; and, finally, those fixing the maximum wages of laborers and the size and price of the loaf. All these laws, of

which the type is the fourteenth-century régime restricting diet as well as dress, aimed, like present laws, to correct what seemed to be abuses. They all passed away, having failed to correct the "abuses."

How unreasonable, then, to pick out a few from over twenty thousand laws to which New York subjects its citizens; and because, under conditions a hundred times more complicated than those of our ancestors, they restrain personal liberty in various respects or provide for State management, to say that we are advancing in the path of restriction!

The fact is that the growing pressure of misery, the growing perception that monopolies are infringements of the rights of the people and that wealth is unnaturally distributed, lead those who see no better remedy, hesitatingly, to apply ancient expedients for the cure of evils either new in themselves or newly perceived. Let us look at the truth, although one can only regret if even such socialism is not growing; because, if it were, it would be the first sign of that Berserker rage that is sure to follow upon a universal apprecia-

tion of the deep evil of our present social conditions. The real social advance is on broader lines.

There are three stages of moral regeneration: first, to understand that the present state of the world is hell,—that is, injustice; second, to realize that there is a kingdom of heaven,—that is, of justice; and, third, to believe that we can get there. After that comes the knowledge of the way. The desire to get the kingdom is of little value or effect unless it is based on something more than care for self, as distinguished from others.

The majority of men are at present satisfied with things as they are. If they were not, they would change them. But they do not in their hearts desire the coming of any other kingdom but their own, which would be no improvement on the "devil's." If they do not believe in a better state, they will not desire it; or, if they do not desire it, they will not believe in it.

It was not through accident nor through stupid materialism that we took one word "heaven" from the Anglo-Saxon "heafen," that which is

lifted up. The higher place is ever the better, except for the lower man.

"A political Utopia would be a physical heaven, concealing a spiritual hell,—a monstrosity. Society cannot be prevented from the externalization of its interior character by artificial arrangements of its exterior politically, nor be made to present scenes of justice and happiness, when the principle is not in the people."—*S. and M. Maybell.*

The rich think that they have about all the good there is, and, finding it a delusion, are discontent with God, and say that the world is bad. The poor think that, gross as are the inequalities, they have a chance to get on top; hence they do not want a change until they despair of securing an advantageous place. All social reforms, except prohibition, unite in showing the evils of present economic conditions, in showing that there might be better and that we can get the better ones. So that all those reforms are, for the present, united in their real result.

Now, if, when the three stages are passed, we are to try socialism, we need not complain. It

cannot be worse than our kakocracy. The great mass of people to-day have not, nor have they ever had, the slightest confidence in freedom. Most persons know that our social system is spoliation, but they think they share in the spoils. They think also that men must be restricted, prohibited, and circumscribed in some way, if they are to do right. To call anything "free" is to stamp it with opprobrium. "Free rum," "free trade," "free thought," "free love," even "free press" and "free speech" (though the counting-house and the police make these but names compared to what they ought to be) are regarded as paraphrases for "unbridled license and anarchy." Public schools are called "free schools" in England, and are in corresponding disrepute.

While all this is so, to impose upon the people any system that involves freedom would be only to insure its being discredited in repute and perverted in practice by men who care nothing for liberty and who would at once cast about for a means of taking advantage under it. All that improved political conditions can do is to give

men the opportunity of doing right, which they cannot have at present.

But the spirit of humanity,—man-liness, as we call it,—that is behind socialism, is increasing. It expresses itself, as it best can, according to its light; and, though we may think the method wrong, we can see that that is of little consequence. "In the warming heart of the world is the hope for social justice." All humane reforms aim at a voluntary co-operation; which is righteousness.

AN IMAGINARY CONVERSATION

We pray, "Give us this day our daily bread." Now suppose the Lord should say: "Come, let us reason together. What exactly do you want me to do?" We would say, "Send down a shower of bread, like the manna." And the Lord would answer: "If I do, it will belong, under your law, to the owners of land. Do you all own land?" And we should be obliged to say, "No: the poor, who do not own any, could only pick up what was untrampled in the streets." Then God would say, "Why, that is not a satisfactory way of relieving poverty."

He might continue: "Where does your bread come from? From the land by labor, does it not?" "Yes." "Well," he would say, "most of your own country is still vacant and unused. All the inhabitants of your world could go into your State of Texas alone, and leave the rest of the earth empty and desolate; yet there would be fewer than ten persons—say, two families—to the acre. Now you don't want me to make more land, do you?" "No," the laborer would say. "We voters have made laws that encourage a few to take all the land and do nothing with it." "Then," the Most High would answer, "it is not to me you should make this prayer, but to yourselves and to your fellows. I have given you your daily bread in the best possible way, by offering you opportunity to work for it; and you have put it out of your hands."

IX

THE LAND QUESTION

Ethical progress must be the progress of the race.—Opportunity necessary for this.—The animal nature the basis.—The first requirement is the use of the resources of nature.—Denial of this use perverts the social system.—All share in the perversion, which conditions all actions, and makes fellowship impossible.—Expedients to correct effects of this, or to evade them.—The divine provision, subverted, gives all to the few, and makes advances intensify evils.—We must begin at the bottom.

We must devote ourselves to preparing the way to externalize the kingdom, which must first be realized within ourselves, but which will not stay within us unless we strive to extend it. For to try to keep the kingdom to ourselves would be selfishness; that is, would be a return to the bondage of small desires and narrow thoughts,—the kingdom of heaven is liberty. The animal side of our nature necessarily develops before the mental and the spiritual side. Therefore, with the great majority of our fellow-creatures, the release from the fierce struggle of the animal for a physical existence is requisite before

the majority can find time or energy even to consider intellectual or spiritual things. It seems hopeless to talk or to labor for the spiritual elevation of a car-driver who must work thirteen hours a day to keep the bodies and souls of his wife and babies together. He has not the time even to listen or to read, nor can we in any sense get at him. It is true that one who has reached a certain stage of interior cultivation can rise superior to conditions, even though he cannot rise out of them; but how is the average man in our present state of social and political confusion so much as even to learn that there is a Holy Ghost?

The recent experiment in "vacant lot gardens for the unemployed" show that men and women without skill can, with slight instruction, make trades-union wages, if they have access to the valuable and accessible land lying unused about our cities.* Merely to relieve deep physical dis-

* See "A Little Land and a Living," for account of this; also Report of the Philadelphia (Pa.) Committee, 1908. Of course, the utilizing of vacant lots for the unemployed (the present system of land ownership still remaining) will ultimately make conditions worse by reducing wages and raising rents.

tress about us by a method so divinely simple, provides a means of instilling into the rich as well as into the poor the moral and spiritual truth of brotherhood.

Man's body lives upon the land, and even the highest of men are in the chains of the flesh. When material existence is made a slavery, because a few persons monopolize what nature's opportunities offer to all, how shall the masses learn to throw off those physical chains?

While we live upon the labor of our brother, we shall find it hard to convince him that we are his loving brethren, even though we may call what we wring from him "rent of land" or "profits" of "real estate speculation." But suppose you determine to absolve yourself, as far as possible, from participating in the social evil by refraining from sharing in rent, interest, or "profits," and to dig potatoes and live upon what you raise, as Tolstoy does. Then, besides spending time raising potatoes that should be spent raising mankind, as Sinton puts it, "To dig potatoes, you must either yourself own the land and become a land lord (and there is an end of

equality and of fellow-feeling with the mass of your fellow-men, who are not lords), rent land from some one else, or hire yourself to an employer. As an owner of land, you profit beyond the others who do not own land, to the value of what it would rent for, without your corresponding labor; and, if you raise potatoes, you enter into competition with other producers in a market already over-stocked, and prices come down, and laborers are thereby thrown out of employment or their wages are reduced. If you hire land instead of owning it, you must pay some one a rent for it, either a private individual or the State. If you pay rent to a private individual, it is worse than if you had received it, as you would put it to a good use, while probably the receiver of it will do harm with it. If, under the present system, you pay to the State, it is still as bad as either of the former, as the amount would either be wasted, or other taxes reduced by the sum paid by you into the public treasury. If it is wasted, you are deprived of so much power. If taxes be reduced, the value of land will rise, because it will be a better investment,

and the difference will be put into other landowners' pockets, who would not spend it for the spreading of truth, as you might have done. In either case, you have contributed to the evil system.

"Even Tolstoy has made a failure of the theory of practical religion by overlooking this point of all points, this keystone of the arch,—that action is always conditioned, and that whether it comes up to the ideal formed before the attempt, depends as much on circumstances as upon any will or effort of the actor. Did Tolstoy see this, he would see the futility of trying to practice, under existing systems, his ideal Christianity."

No one can have a little private heaven of his own, for we are of one flesh and members of one another. Therefore, you and I, who see the truth, must stir the people to take possession of their material inheritance before we can share with them spiritual gifts. We may try monkishly to withdraw or to run away from the surrounding injustice, of which we, you and I, are a part; but evil is like the "black care, which sits

behind the horseman": or we may look, each of us for ourselves, from our heights, over into the promised land, but none of us, any more than Joshua, can go to dwell in it, except as a leader of the people, for "none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself."

We may build a fine locomotive, but it is useless unless we have the rails. And it will be folly to put down a rail here and another there: they must all be laid exactly, in a road properly prepared. The land question is analogous to the rails. The private ownership of the land is the cause of all causes that make it impossible to use the locomotive of Christianity, or, in other words, to carry out in every-day action the precepts, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" and "Do unto others as you would be done by." There is no use in trying to overlook our solidarity and inter-dependence. If one member of society suffers, all suffer,—a most beneficent provision of nature. Would not my saying that I can fulfill the law alone, or do a little less wrong than others, be as though my hands should say to my feet, "I have no need

of thee"? Which cent is responsible for making up a dollar?

In some such feeble way some persons attempt to straighten out the world tangle by paying the highest prices for everything, by refusing to deal with cheap stores, or by declining to buy sweat-shop goods.

So long as there remains a demand for low-priced goods, to pay high prices is simply to make a present of the excess of price to some middleman. Even if we take pains to see that the excess reaches the original producer, it will be only a form of bonus to him. We could get other things as good for less, but we choose to give him more. That is considerate in us and pleasant for him, if we really do not know any better way to do than to give money; but it does not tend to raise wages. Rather the contrary, unless we can make it universal. And, as stern poverty forces most persons to buy as cheap as they can, it is impossible to make it even general. To refuse to buy the sweat-shop goods is to throw the sweat-shop laborers out of work entirely, so that they will starve; for the buyers can afford

only a limited amount for such things, and, if they get less of them for that sum, they will have to go without a part, and less will be made. We are not punishing the sweater, who can turn to something else. Even if we can punish him, he is doing only what the necessity of trade compels some one to do.

Our entire social organism is based upon private appropriation of land and of its rent; based upon the inequity of allowing some to monopolize what all must live on. To work at improving the present conditions of the earth, therefore, is clearly to do little else than to improve the condition of the owners of the earth. Suppose there are two towns. In one of them the people are ignorant, irreligious, disorderly, and dishonest. There are no street lamps, pavements, sewers, water-works, fire department, or other public improvements. There are gin-mills, dance-houses, gambling-hells, a poorhouse, and a jail; and they are always full.

In the other town the people have no use for such things; and these buildings are replaced by schools, churches, libraries, an engine-house, and

a concert hall. There are electric lights, asphalt pavements, public drains and water supply; and the people are intelligent, religious, affectionate, and mindful of the rights of one another.

Which of these would be the more desirable to live in?

Why, of course, the better town would be far preferable.

And would more people wish to go there than to the other?

Naturally.

In which, then, would the rent and the price of land be the higher?

Necessarily, in the better town.

For whom, then, are the good government club, the pastor, the educator, and the public-spirited citizen of that town mainly working? Is it not for those who get the enhanced prices for the land and collect the enhanced rents?

Ralph Waldo Emerson said about the early days of Boston, in a paper published in the *Atlantic Monthly* for January, 1892:

"Moral values became also money values. When men saw that these people, besides their

industry and thrift, had a heart and soul, and would stand by each other at all hazards, they desired to come and live here. A house* in Boston was worth as much again as a house just as good in a town of timorous people, because here the neighbors would defend each other against bad governors and against troops. Quite naturally, house rents rose in Boston."

While present economic conditions remain, any reform or improvement will increase production or increase population, therefore increasing rent of land; that is, increasing injustice, for rent or the purchase price based on rent is what keeps men from the use of the earth. The first necessity of man is the earth, which includes all the resources of nature; and from it, by his labor, comes all produce.

It is an infidelity to a loving Creator—it is to charge God with folly and to impute unto the Almighty lack of understanding—to say that man has been put upon an earth that he cannot

* Of course, Emerson meant the building site, not the building. The house could be built more cheaply as the community became more mutually helpful.

support himself on except by living on his fellows. But he must be allowed to get at the earth.

If the earth is really our mother, or if we are the children of a common Father, then all have an equal right to use the earth. There is a communal cause of land value that even now might point it out as a common inheritance. This might be taken for the use of the community. As the value increases, the increase also should go to the community, so that no one can confiscate part of the labor of his fellows by appropriating land value, which all create, to himself. As soon as all the value of land is taken by the public, speculation in land and the withholding of it from use will cease, because it will be unprofitable; and men will be free to use the earth, the source of all raw material, in order to produce wealth and capital for themselves.

The reform, then, of our present land "system," which is not any better than

> "The good old rule, the simple plan,
> That they should take who have the power,
> And they should keep who can,"

is not the end of reforms nor the sum of reform. Whichever way we may choose to accomplish it, whether by State control, by title or by occupancy, or what not, it is, as a great teacher has said, "the gateway of reforms." More than that, it is the one reform without which all other reforms will be largely self-destructive, because they tend to increase either population or production, and thereby to increase rent and thus to foster every form of monopoly.

THE CHARITABLE MAN

Once upon a time a man owned a herd of cattle, which were lean even to starvation, their bones stuck out of their skins. He owned also a luxuriant pasture, from which his cattle were excluded by a strong, high fence. But this owner, whatever might be said of his wits, was a kind-hearted fellow, who occupied himself daily in pulling handfuls of grass from the pasture and shoving them through the fence to the hungry animals outside. Nevertheless, the weaker cattle starved and died. One day a passer-by said to him:

"Friend, do you own these cattle?"

"I do."

"And do you own the pasture "

"I do."

"Then why don't you let down the bars, so that the cattle can feed themselves?"

Said the owner: "I have as yet failed to see that letting down the bars would be a panacea for the leannesses these cattle are heirs to. Instead of broaching far-away theories, do something practical; jump over the fence and help me to pull some grass and feed it to the calves."

X

THE BIRTHRIGHT

The basis of reform.—The right to live somewhere.—Idle lands, idle hands.—The source of wealth.—An analogy.—Seat and site.—The gain of numbers.—Disease, of course.—Gratitude for woes.

It seems self-evident that any improvement in the condition of the earth must go eventually and mainly to the owners of the earth.

Any improvement, mechanical, agricultural, educational, intellectual, financial, political, social, even moral, anywhere, will make that part of the earth a more desirable place to live and work in, and will consequently raise the rent. The people then must regain their "Right to the Use of the Earth," as Herbert Spencer called it in *Social Statics;* the most gradual and the easiest method is to take the rent of the land instead of taxes, for public use.

Whatever changes we advocate, we must begin with allowing the people to get to the land; we must begin at the beginning; and, indeed,

the first principles are laid down in the Hebrew Scriptures as well as anywhere: "in the beginning," they say, God commanded the earth that it should bring forth abundantly to satisfy the desires of every living thing, and then commanded man that he should till the land; and God saw that it was all very good.

Now, when we speak of the land's bringing forth, we do not mean bringing forth merely corn, potatoes, and cattle; nor, when we speak of tilling, do we mean simply plowing and digging. We mean using factory sites, and clay-banks, and mines, and coal-pits, and the trees on the hills—all those things used by men that were here before men came, and, that will be here after men have gone, and that economists call land.

If any one had told the Pilgrim Fathers that he was out of work, those staid Puritans would have laughed at him.

They would have said, "Why, clear that field of stones, or plow, or cut fire wood, or dig sand, or mine coal, or burn limestone, or do anything on the land, and we will give you not only am-

ple board and clothes, but big wages." Those same lands are here, mostly still unworked; and, whereas, the fathers were hemmed into a little strip between the Indians and the sea, we have gridironed the whole continent with rail lines and opened up the world with steamship lines. Yet we do not laugh when even a skillful man says he is out of work and in need of all things—because the opportunities for raising food and getting clothing by work are owned and held unused for a further rise in value.

From that land, by labor, by the work of people, comes everything that we want.

Take any ordinary thing. This paper, for instance, came from wood-pulp, made out of the trees which grew wild on the hills and were cut down by the labor of men; they were floated downstream by labor; they were ground up and rolled and bleached by the labor of men. There is nothing whatever in this piece of paper except land and labor, labor of hand or brain.

Even the part of the paper that we know as "the capital employed in making it," the tools, in their turn, came out of the earth; for the iron

was taken out of the mine by the labor of men, and was shaped into paper-making machines by the labor of men.

When we realize that everything that we eat, everything that we wear, everything that shelters us, comes out of the land by labor, and out of nothing else, and that man is a land animal, we have the answer to the whole social problem.

For in order that the earth may "satisfy the desire of every living thing," it is necessary that men should get *at* the earth; and when with our system of private ownership we have prevented people from getting at the earth, when we have fenced off the sheep from the pastures, then we have "a social problem."

Man really is "entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness"; and, if he is entitled to life, then he is entitled to live somewhere. It can not be right, it can not be the will of God, that any child should be born into the world today with no right to stay in the world at all unless some one will pay a price for the purchase or hire of a place to put its cradle—even to put its little grave. We have taken away the birth-

right of the child, for the earth was given to *all* the children of men. We have said, "No; it belongs to a few of the children, who may keep it vacant, or charge the rest a fee for its use."

It is necessary, then, not merely "to get the people back to the land," but to get the land back to the people, to restore the birthright, the earth; that it may "bring forth abundantly to satisfy the desire of every living thing."

On the one side we have idle lands; on the other side, idle hands; how could it be otherwise? It necessarily puts somebody out of a job when land which is needed, and should be used, is held unused for the sake of profit. Practically, all land has some speculative value, and consequently there is hardly such a thing as cheap lands; there are low-priced lands, but they all have some speculative value; that is the "land question."

This land question touches every one. The manner in which we shall get all the land into use is hardly worth disputing about now. When men desire equal opportunity for all they will find out how to get it. Here is one way: Suppose that the coal miners are dissatisfied with their

wages, and should say, "We are sappers, smiths, drivers, pickers, powder-men, engineers, machinists, carpenters and all the other workers needed to operate the mine; we will leave your pit and go down the road a mile and open up another mine."

The Coal Baron might ask, "Where will you get the necessary capital?" They would answer, "Those who need the coal at $6.00 a ton, which costs delivered in the town less than $2.00 a ton, will give us credit for what little machinery we cannot make ourselves—they will even take their pay in coal."

Then the Coal Baron would answer, "You forget that even so, you can not open up that other mine, for it belongs to us." If now, the miners could answer, "True, but you forget that we have got that coal land, which Mr. Schwab valued at so many thousands of dollars per acre, assessed at its true value, and we will tax it, used or unused, on that basis instead of on the basis of farming land."

Then the Coal Baron would say, "Oh, then, we must hire men to use it, or else we must aban-

don it, for it does not pay to hold land idle and to pay taxes on its real worth."

There would be an end of the misery of strikes and an end of unemployment.

In every great city there are two large sections which are run, and have always been run, under the sanction of law, on the principle that is called in England "the assessment of ground rent"; and so successfully are they run that those who are working under that plan will laugh at you if you talk of changing it. Those two sections are the theaters and the hotels.

If a man goes to the theater and asks for the best seat, you know that he will pay perhaps a dollar, and he will get a place in the front row. He may go there, and laugh, and roar, and enjoy the play so that it is as much fun to see him as to see the performance; but the price is only a dollar. Or, he may go there, and go to sleep, and even snore; and the price is still a dollar. Or, he may stay away entirely; the price is still a dollar.

Now, for that *seat* the theater-manager charges the full value. What does he do with

the proceeds? He provides free light, free heat, free water, free police protection, free protection from fire, and all those things that a theater-goer needs. It isn't according to one's ability to pay that one pays for the support of the theater; it is what the seat one occupies is worth.

You may go to a hotel, and ask for the cheapest room; and you will get a small one in the rear, at the top of the house, say for fifty cents a day. You go up and look at it, and take the key and go away. The price is still fifty cents a day. Or, you may open an office there, and make ten thousand dollars a year in that office; still, it is only fifty cents a day. You may put in magnificent furniture, and go there dressed in silk and diamonds; still, it is only fifty cents a day.

What does the hotel proprietor do with the money he gets for that *situation?* He provides free light, free heat, free water, free police protection, free protection from fire, and all things that as a hotel-occupant you need.

"Seat," "situation," and "site" are the same things. A high price for the best site, a low price for the poor site, and no price for the poor-

est site, because there is no competition for it. Good use or poor use, full use or no use, year after year the theater-manager and the hotel man each charge the full value of the mere bare situation.

That is the plan of the taxation of land-values: to tax every land-user what his situation is worth.

What has been the effect of that plan upon the theater-seat business? Why, you know there are some speculators in the theater seats, but you never heard of any one's buying up theater seats to keep them unused; one buys them to have them used, and to make a profit out of their being used. You know that, with the growth of the city of New York, within ten years the rents of the hotel rooms in town will probably be double what they are to-day; but nobody but a lunatic would rent a hotel room for the purpose of keeping it vacant, because the hotel man insists on charging day by day, or month by month, the full value of the place, and so makes it impossible, because unprofitable, to speculate in hotel rooms. Henry George would do the same with land. He proposed to make it unprofitable, and

therefore impossible, to hold land vacant for speculation, because the community would charge as a tax each year the entire rental value of the mere bare land.

If a man gets a piece of land, and puts up any kind of building on it, the present plan is promptly to raise his taxes, so that it is said sometimes that "if a man robs a chicken-coop, we fine him once, and we call it punishment; but, if he builds a chicken-coop, we fine him every year, and we call it taxes." That is stupid and wrong.

But there is a more fundamental reason for taking land value for public needs than that. The first of rights is the right of a man or a woman to himself or herself (and, when women learn that, we shall have gone a long way toward solving what we call the sex problem).

So that if you take from me so much as the value of a cherry-stone, which I may have carved, perhaps into a little basket, I am robbed; if the township or the State takes from me the value of a cherry-stone, I am robbed. That which I have produced belongs to me as against the

world. All unjust taxation takes from me what I have produced.

"But," you say, "the government must be supported."

Yes.

"And it costs money to support the government; we must pay our taxes."

Yes.

But did not the Almighty foresee that? Were we put into a community in order that we should steal, under the protection of law, from one another by unjust and unequal taxation?

No. The all-seeing Providence has provided even for that contingency. In this way:

The pioneer goes out on the prairie, and he looks about him and says: "Well, it seems to be all about the same. Why not stop right here?" The next one that approaches from the opposite side has no difficulty whatever in deciding where to go. He sees in the distance the curl of smoke, and he says, "I will get as close to that man as I can." After a time the village grows up there, then the town, and then the city.

The first settler had to shoe his own horse, cut

his own lumber, build his own house, dig his own well, and make his own clothes; but now we have a blacksmith, a carpenter, a horse-shoer, a man that sinks the driven well, and a tailor; and all they make becomes cheaper, because of their proximity and their mutual help. Now, with as much labor as the pioneer used to spend to haul a load of lumber, he can build a whole house, because we have divided up the labor, and everything that men have made has become cheaper; everything has gone down in price,—except one thing. One thing has been growing dearer,—the land; one man has grown rich at the expense of the rest,—the land-owner.

The original settler needed no public improvements. His water supply was the pond near the house; his fire department consisted of a bucket on the front porch; his police protection was the bull-dog in his yard or his old gun; his street-lighting was the lantern he took out in his hand at night. But, as neighbors came, he needs public water, public roads, public lights, public protection against fire and by police; and just as fast as those things become necessary the land

value supplies the funds to pay for them. The coming of new settlers to that site has increased the value of the land. With every such increase in value should come an increase in taxes upon the land so benefited.

Of one thing no man can say: "I made it. It is mine, and if you take it away, you rob me." That thing is *land* value. In *land* the order of Nature has provided enough for man's social wants, just the same as for his physical wants.

When the little baby is coming, the mother's breast begins to expand; and, when the child comes, there is the milk provided by our Father; and, when the necessity of that has passed away, —when the child has become old enough to take care of itself,—behold, the supply disappears.

So it is with the value of the land: as settlers come in, land increases in value, and should yield higher taxes to the community. If people move away, the value of the land diminishes, and the taxes should be diminished.

Now, if the mother refuses to supply the baby with that food, what will happen? Not only the child will suffer, but the mother herself will suf-

fer. And, if she conceals what she has done, the doctor comes, and scratches his head, and says: "There is high fever; there is inflammation, sleeplessness, loss of appetite, falling of the hair, and all sorts of symptoms. What have you been doing?"

Well, in the same way, we have not used the food for the social body that has been supplied, and so we have all kinds of symptoms of disease. If that doctor were like our social doctors, he would begin to prescribe: for bad appetite, a food commission; for the burning thirst, some restriction upon the kind and quality of drink sold (as we prescribe high license); for the minor ills like the falling of the hair, some kind of massage, perhaps like our police; and for every little separate evil he would find some remedy, instead of going to the root of things.

But, if he knew what was the matter, he would say, "You have violated the law of nature; and you justly suffer for it."

An old servant said once, "If the rich were happy, we should know there is no God." We reiterate, if social evils did not exist, we should

know there was no God; we should know that we could unpunished break the laws of nature. We should know there was an end of order in the universe, that effect did not follow cause, that evil acts did not produce bad consequences.

Thank God for all the misery; thank whatever gods there be for all the wretchedness and disease, even when it lights upon you and me, and takes away your children and mine by death. It is only these tragedies that will make us feel; that will wake up people like us to see that our poor are really our brethren; that it is no more possible to be good alone than it is to be born alone; that it is not given to mankind to have the Kingdom on earth alone; that, if we get it at all, we must get it with those who are really bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. We must get it by preparing the way for true democracy and brotherhood.

Truly we have but to open our eyes to see and to understand that the divine law is equally applicable to social things and to mechanical things and religious things, and that by obeying it we can get rid of pauperism and the fear of

it, and of the ulcer of unearned wealth, and of the crimes and diseases that follow in their train. After all, in social things as well as in personal things, it is the wicked man who is the fool, to whom the Spirit says, "Why will ye yet rebel? why will ye be smitten any more?" and in social things as well as in personal things the ways of Righteousness are ways of pleasantness, and lead us in the paths of peace.

NEVER A NEEDLESS SIGH

"WHY did not Nature make me right at first?" groaned the Clay upon the Potter's wheel.

"Why would not the Potter make me hard at once?" wailed the Shape as it reddened in the flame.

"Why could not the Artist make me glaze while I was in the fire?" wept the Vase in the oven.

Yet on the finished Vase was written, "To make form and strength and beauty the gods need many hells."

But will the Artist crush the Vase or put it through a useless fire?

XI

MAKING FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS

Men must work out their own nature, although blindly.—They can be guided, but not helped.—Trying to help with money; practical effects.—The use of money.—Recognition of the harmony of the universe.—Stages in growth necessary to all.—The tuition of circumstances and the use of pain.—Unity of our interests taught by consequences of ill.—Rising above pain.

REFORM must come by common desire; for action does not constitute right nor wrong. Wrong does not consist in doing things: wrong is being and desiring something not the best.

So long as men enjoy fighting, they will fight. If we stop their fighting with their fists or guns, they will fight with their tongues or with tariffs, thereby producing infinitely more misery and infinitely slower instruction. We may defend ourselves from attack as long as we are so constituted that we are subject to it, and as long as we desire to defend ourselves. That is the limit of our right to use force. And whatsoever is more than this cometh of stupidity; that is, of evil.

There are few who have learned the lesson that to succeed by wrong-doing is to fail. The fact is that most persons are satisfied with the present inequity, for they think that they have a chance in the game themselves. Even when they perceive that they are victims of the game, they do not see that they are the necessary sacrifices in the brutal sports: they think that greater efforts made by themselves would have prevented the suffering, instead of merely shifting it. They cannot be taught their error by force. Nor can men be taught by mere mechanical instruction, however perfect the machine. Outside powers, like organization or money, which we speak of as "means," will hinder about as much as they help. To attempt to raise mankind by gifts, even devoted to their education, is to set the devil's workmen to build the city of God, which is not made with hands, but with hearts. Says N. M. Jerauld: "I am tired of hearing about the 'uplifting of the masses.' If they are lifted they prove but a dead weight, for they have to be carried."

"If only some rich man would leave us ten

millions in his will, we would get the social question settled at once," so said an ardent and capable reformer. That would be the greatest misfortune that could happen to any real, moral reform.

To some of us who have not had the command of much money, and to those who, being at the head of affairs, feel the need of money and see where it might be used to advantage, it seems as though it were all in all; but, for me, the more I see of the effects of money, the more I am convinced that, although there is great need of it in reform work, great sums given impersonally and without sacrifice are a hindrance rather than a help.

To see how it would work, see how it often does work.

Here is a man or woman, poor, like the most of us, earnest, energetic, unpaid, giving his or her days and nights to propaganda or organization. At once the general committee becomes rich, hires, with such wisdom and disinterestedness as a committee can muster, those who are most available or who can get themselves hired.

Even a rich committee cannot hire everybody, and our friend is left out. He thinks: "The committee is paying these people, many of them not so good workers as I. Why should I do the same work for nothing? The laborer is worthy of his hire. Let them pay me, or find some one else to do my work."

Perhaps the committee does engage him. He becomes an agent. His words and his example have lost their weight. His very sincerity begins to be questioned. "It is all in his day's work." He must perforce teach, even if he does not think, according to the platform. Even platforms are not infallible. When he has done his day's work, his evenings belong to himself. Who will do the night work?

Or, here is a new field of work, not the best or most promising field perhaps, but one that you or I, with our capacities, could do, and do well. Oh, no. Suggest that to the committee. They can easily have it done for money. But the committee overlooks or cannot oversee that work, and it is not done at all. The work is neglected in spots.

Then a multitude begin to follow the teachers for the loaves and fishes, and scarcely will even divine wisdom pick out the true apostles. Why, the very leading body comes to love other objects than the success of the mere idea.

"But we could sow the nation knee-deep with literature." The British and Foreign Bible Society is nearly a hundred years old, and is publishing Bibles at the rate of 19,000 a day, or over 5,500,000 a year. Between March, 1804, and March, 1908, this society alone distributed throughout the world over 164,000,000 copies of the Bible. There must be Bibles enough in the world to reach every one of its inhabitants who is able to read.

That is but one of hundreds of agencies distributing religious literature free, and, what is much better, paid for. The world is not evangelized yet.

"But if it were all put to the best use, if we could thoroughly advertise this theory, we could get it taught in the schools,—force it on the attention of the people." Then we would gather a vast crop of the partially instructed, we would

attract crowds who, through mere carelessness or incapacity, were with us only in desire and name. We would force an unnatural and unhealthy growth of sentiment for our reform, and we should get it enacted, probably in some bastard form,—at any rate, in advance of the real sentiment of the people. Like other reforms that have been forced upon communities from time to time, it would be enforced partially and unfairly and would probably be repealed.

Real progress would be set back ten years. Far better our present condition, where those of us give who can, not as a charity or as a duty, but because we had rather spend our money that way; where there is nothing in the cause to attract to it the parasite or the mercenary. Where the carrion is, there will the vultures be gathered together. In the present condition of society, if we are to be pure, we must be poor, and do good work with our own heads and hearts and hands, not with our check-book and the resolutions and appropriations of a committee.

It is true that money has a real function, and all owe "duty" as the expression of feeling.

Where it is really a sacrifice, sometimes made holy, it is doubtless acceptable. It is necessary even that the priests be fed. But where it is wheedled by "fairs," or extorted by begging, or "left" by those who regret only that they cannot take it with them, it does do, and can do nothing but harm. Figs do not grow on thistles, nor grapes on thorns.*

Most persons, justly, have to spend their lives in doing things to which they have no natural inclination and in which they have almost no success, nor can have any. This is part of the school course, and must always be, until we have learned all that this department can teach. Those who get enjoyment out of uncongenial tasks are those who most perfectly accept them as a matter of course,—"as what must be." This state of mind is common to almost all uneducated persons, and in this respect they are infinitely superior to us.

The effect of education should be to teach us how to cure, not the hard consequences, but the causes of wrong, and to make us desire to cure

* See also *Disease of Charity*, which will be sent on request.

these causes. We sometimes say that we live in an evil world, with an implication that we are not a part of it. We are a part of it.

We do not know why we willingly received the ideas that made us reformers or philanthropists or church workers or thinkers, nor why another's mind rejects some of these ideas. Was it not because we had reached a stage that they have not? Then how are they to blame for not accepting these ideas? and how does our acceptance of them separate us from such persons or make us less guilty than they, although they do evil?

It is to this very evil in the world that we owe the stage of development that we have reached. It is by our experience of it that we have acquired our consciences.

The misfortunes of generations are developing within us a consciousness or "conscience" by which we perceive, what we might have perceived by spiritual insight, that it is not for the happiness of a community, of which we are a part, to steal or to lie. How partial this education is, as yet, may be seen from the fact that

most men, while admitting abstractly that lying is wrong, contend that in some circumstances it is not only not wrong, but actually praiseworthy. Had we been bred in different surroundings, for instance, as London thieves, our "conscience" would have pricked us every time we passed a watch and did not take it. We can understand this, when we hear a man who has sold some article for a fair price, but thinks that his customer would have paid higher, say, "I ought to have got more."

If we could remove ourselves from the opportunity to do things that we think to be wrong, or cease to take part in the evil of the world, we should lose our sympathy with others and arrest our own development, which would have come through the painful experience that we shirk. We suffer in the same ways when we subject ourselves to external restraint, even through the "influence" of a friend or of a church.

To those who understand the law of life, pain is no mystery. Physical suffering follows every injury to the body, and follows whether we commit that injury ourselves, or suffer it from an-

other,—follows, however good or innocent our intent. If a fall or a bruise did not hurt, we would permit or perpetrate injuries on ourselves, until we learned by the severer penalty of disablement that we had erred. But, just as no one can create wealth, or do any other good thing without benefiting, in some respects, others as well as himself, so no one can do any evil without injuring others as well as himself. Our sufferings may therefore be the result of our own errors, or of the offenses of others of whom we have never even heard. This may seem unjust, at least to those who do not see that the good we derive from others far overbalances the evil; but it is a part of the unity of the human race, which will eventually lift up all its members, instead of dividing them (as might happen, were suffering allayed) into three or more permanent classes, corresponding to the development of different individuals.

Suffering will continue until we have, not only learned, but taught to all mankind, all men's errors. In the meantime the enlightened man can obtain such understanding and control of

pain, whether physical, mental, or emotional, that it ceases to be an evil to him. Pain is not an evil in itself: it is the burglar alarm, which tells of an attack or of something that ought to be corrected. If we do not know how to shut off the burglar alarm when it has delivered its message, or if we fail to close the door, the alarm continues, and becomes a nuisance. When we understand the pain, and have such control over ourselves that we can right the wrong, we can stop the pain. Any one can try this for himself, when something hurts him, by saying: "Yes, I understand what is needed. There is a trouble not with my real self, but in my foot. I have the message, and am attending to it." And he will find that the pain will be minimized, and will become more tolerable.

We know that minds unconsciously influence one another, often in ways that we cannot understand, producing, for instance, panic and a popular craze or depression. This subtle sympathetic influence may be deliberately exerted for good: good spirits are as infectious as bad. By practice, we can learn to concentrate such powers,

—to order our minds so that their entire influence will be exerted continuously in one direction and on one person. This is "mental treatment," and can be turned in upon ourselves. But, if it be used only for ourselves, or used for evil purposes, the power will weaken; for love is at the bottom of sympathy, and neglected or useless faculty eventually disappears. There are many that teach that in a similar way we may "attract" wealth or anything else by putting our minds into close relation with money-making thought, so breeding money-making opportunities. This is probably true; but, as the money is taken away from some one else, this is not really what these catch-penny prophets say it is,—"the power of mind to create things."

The editor of the *Christian* says: "The ones who are grasping after money or anything else drain every one with whom they come in contact; and they will also drain themselves as dry as the desert." They certainly will, for the way to get is to give.

Mental treatment is a form of control of mind by mind, which can easily be extended so

as to do away with depression. "The blues" are unnecessary; for our own minds are entirely within our own control, even in the hardest circumstances. If you find anything disagreeable, just determine that you will enjoy it,—at least, that you will not let it annoy you. The next step will come later, and you will find that the thing will have ceased to be disagreeable.

If men ever learn to correct every wrong merely because it is wrong, aches and sufferings will become unnecessary, and will, therefore, be suppressed in the ordinary course of nature. Pain will then become like a door bell, which strikes only once or twice to call attention to a particular condition.

Meantime, each one can train one's own nerves to be quiet when they have delivered their message.

THE BIRTH OF THE SOUL

I READ: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his justice and all these things shall be added unto you." I pondered on the meaning of the Kingdom of the Lord, that shall give us everything.

The drowsy hum of the great town murmured in my ears: I thought how men were contending for happiness in the world, and I thought if God would but give to me, as he gave to Solomon, the desire of my heart—the book wavered in my hand and sank upon my knee. The sighing of the city sounded further and further away.

And God appeared to me; and to me also he said, for I think he says that thing some time to everyone: "Ask what I shall give to thee": And I said, "Give me, now, love for my brethren, so shall I know the joy of life."

And God said, "Because this was in thine heart, and because thou hast not asked only for wealth nor honor nor to overcome thine enemies, nor happiness nor peace; nor hast thou asked for length of days but hast asked for love, not for thyself but for my brethren; therefore all these things are added unto thee; for I give thee such love for men that it shall be Death to thyself, that thou mayest be One with me."

And I awoke, and behold! I thought it was a dream.

XII

THE END OF DESIRE

Unlimited control of mind over matter.—Mind not dependent on things.—The spiritual life; happiness not the highest good.—Acquiescence in the order of the universe is happiness.—It comes unsought, with understanding.—It is an interior state, within our reach and under our own control.

THERE are some who claim that they have attained such understanding of the universe that all material things can be produced by them at will. This seems impossible. To talk with any one a thousand miles away seemed impossible only a few years ago, till we learned the law of sound and applied it in the telephone. Greater things may be possible when we learn to apply greater laws. To do the impossible is no stranger than to see the invisible, to attain which most of us believe is possible.

Though neither you nor I have attained that power, we may easily realize that material things do not make us rich or poor. If it is true in any degree, as the poet says, that

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage,"

if

"My mind to me a kingdom is,"

may it not be true that there is a still more extensive and real kingdom in the spirit? If one is convinced that nothing can affect his real self, that he is as much a part of the universe as oxygen is a part of the air, he will be conscious that he has already entered into eternity and that he himself is infinite now.

There is no promise of a mere future life, in any inspired book; the promise is of life eternal, the life of love, for which we do not wait until we die.

Of course, one who has not yet seen that there is any existence higher than the mental existence, will scoff at this idea; just as one who has not seen that there is any existence but the animal existence will scoff at the idea that emancipation from the animal nature is possible, thinking that every one must be as he is, all shut up in the prison-cell of circumstances.

Life is, as the scientist says, "continuous ad-

justment of internal relations to external relations." Where is the limit to that adjustment with its increased perceptions and undreamed-of powers?

Because to the ordinary man—that is, to the animal—the search for happiness is universal, we are taught to believe that it is not only the right object, but the only possible object of life. We find, however, that happiness is the one door which, to him that knocks, shall not be opened, the thing that whosoever seeks shall not find. May it not be, then, that there is an object in this life, the pursuit of which in itself will be worthy and yet will, incidentally, bring more happiness than will the pursuit of happiness itself? That we cannot conceive of any other course than to seek for happiness, and that we cannot imagine any other object in life, does not prove that there is no such object.* It proves only that we have not developed or have not exercised any sense that could perceive it.

We search for what we think will minister to

* See Prof. James' *Varieties of Religious Experience,* on the possibility of another kind of consciousness.

our pleasure, and we surround ourselves with the materials for a full and satisfying life so that these desires and circumstances become a part of our construction.

As a black man is one whose blackness is a part of himself, not one who can wash off the blackness, so a "rich" man is one whose riches are a part of himself. He cannot leave them off, nor can he take them with him: therefore, it is hard for him to enter the kingdom of heaven. He who has a reputation that he is anxious to defend is also one of these rich, still a slave to desire.

The Nirvana, that is the ideal of the spirit, consists in knowing, and being willing, that all things pass away. Seeking special happiness or the fulfillment of special desires brings, in the nature of things, no permanent satisfaction. On the other hand, he who seeks not happiness, which means he who has ceased to desire the maintenance of his separate life, who, in other words, loses his life, finds happiness and life in every moment of existence, and sees that death is an acceptable step in joyous existence: gentle and lovely death! When we seek happiness,

which is complete life, it flees from us: when we cease to seek it, we find it; for, behold, we have been looking abroad for what lay at our own door,—nay, more, for the very things that we already possessed and that possessed us, but of which we were not conscious. When a man reaches this stage, he can say with the poet:

> "Nothing there is to come, and nothing past
> But an eternal *now* doth always last."

or, again:

> "Would you lose your life, you find it,
> And in giving love you bind it
> Like an amulet of safety to your neck forevermore."

This, which is so secured, is not less consciousness, but more complete consciousness,—is life itself, which is greater than to live. In this state, desire is eliminated by the perfect at-one-ement of the individual with the *cause of all desire*. In this state, we are everything and live in everything, and yet are not overshadowed by any one thing to the exclusion of others. The moment a thing possesses us, pain begins.

When we realize that we are a part of the Infinite, we are no longer dependent upon cir-

cumstances for our happiness. All hate, which is separation, is then put aside and we realize perfect love and live in perfect love. This is the "kingdom of heaven" manifested in ourselves and in regard to all others. When we have attained it, we cease to regret errors or mistakes. Whatever we have done was a necessary step in our education. We deny that even our actions were evil: they have been put behind us, and they cease to trouble us. Then we go to meet every experience, because we know that it is good: we run to meet it with the joyful anticipation of a child that expects each new adventure to bring some new delight. We welcome more experience, no matter of what sort. When this knowledge and experience become perfect, we are at one with nature; and we become as gods, acquiring power over every form of matter.

Enlightened teachers will substantially agree that this truth underlies all kinds of "Christian" and "mental" science. The prophets and the adepts only show us how to realize and to apply the truth to our daily life.

Do you see anything that you desire? Wait.

As you grow in the higher knowledge, you shall have all that you want, or else have the good it can give, without the burden of possessing it.

Why do we want money or even health? That we may have the power and opportunity of higher and better life. For every one knows that, if money be used to oppress, or to extend a base life, it can bring nothing but evil, expressed in misery. If we learn to get the freedom and to have the power over all things, then we do not need the money.

"The struggle of each to get rich is the struggle of each to break into heaven on earth physically, instead of entering it spiritually." The higher life is independent of money and of everything else. To an enlightened man, it will make no difference in his actions whether there is a future life or not. He knows that happiness follows right thought, therefore wrong ceases to be a temptation; and he

> "Whistles the Devil to make him sport,
> For he knows that sin is vain."

The thought and the happiness are interior and under our own control; but actions are under the control of others.

After earth there may be punishment;—that is, consequence of good or ill. There is no revenge. If there is consequence then, it will be for the same reason that it is now, that we may learn. A wise man would not wish to be delivered from the consequences of his acts, either hereafter or here.

To enjoy all things and all persons in their time and place to the utmost, yet to be dependent upon none; to be enslaved by no thing or personal form, to know that, if angels go out, archangels come in; to live our lives to the fullest extent, exercising our highest powers,—that is rest, happiness and peace; peace that will be perfect and permanent when it is broadened and merged into the peace of heaven upon earth.

FABLES

HONESTLY and without self-seeking I had been doing good in the world. Yet it seemed to me that things grew worse instead of better, and for myself I knew that I was growing old.

I looked for no reward of all my sacrifice. It seemed to me that I might have found a little gratitude, but there was none. Each seemed to expect a full return for all he gave or did. I said to myself that it was even so with the children of light—do not they also look for a heavenly crown! For myself I required no crown, but only that I might see the work of my hands and be satisfied.

And, because I was utterly sick of envy, and suspicion, and of human selfishness, I went out into the forest. There man was not, and all was beautiful. I lay down under a tree and looked up at the leaves and thought that every one of these was unremembered, as was I; but there the likeness ended, for with them all was in the order of Nature, just as it ought to be.

It was very still, and I heard the leaves murmuring to themselves that it was near their fall, and that nothing had been done in their lives; each chafed against another, yet through them came the breathing of the tree.

They told one another that the blossoms, which were so beautiful, had fallen. They had sheltered the blossoms, and watched them kiss and marry with one another; but now death had taken them, and death—the leaves shivered.

The wind stirred the tree and some of the leaves fell. The others trembled forlorn on the branches, and sighed that their time was drawing nigh.

The leaves lay moldering on the ground. The wind died down again; and it was very still. And in the silences a voice came whispering through the stiffening boughs that when these dead leaves are ready for their higher use, the tree will touch them with its roots, and take them up again into itself; that upon man and upon nature is the blessing and the curse; that men are also part of nature and that the faultiest of men are in the Plans of God.

I looked attentively at the leaves and found not one unbroken or without a spot. But as the light shone on them, each itself and altogether; they were beautiful. The voice shaped into words for me my wandering thoughts, and I went out to preach that men are but as leaves, through every one of which God breathes, and every one draws higher up the life of God; and every leaf God uses to express himself. By every one of them he brings forth fruit.

FAILURES OF THE AGES

THERE was a Man: stupid was he, and brutish. Yet he harried wild beasts and wilder men. It chanced that men came upon him and upon his child, and the child they would have taken for their food; but the Man withstood them, so that he was slain; and after all the child was taken by the men. Their children wondered at the Man.

There was a Man: ignorant was he, and fierce. Yet he fought with beasts and savage men. And it happened that men fell upon his villagers, and

most of them escaped; but the Man stayed behind, defending women. At last the Man was killed, and the women were carried away by the men. Their children made a mound above the body of the Man.

There was a Man: weak was he, and dull. Yet he strove with chiefs and furious priests. It befell that, when his tribe went man-catching, the Man refused to help. Therefore, the priests commanded that he be burned; and the tribe went as before. For the Man their children built a tomb.

There was a Man: poor was he, and unlearned. Yet he pleaded with the unthinking, and with savage creeds. It came to pass that the rulers went astray, and he cried out to them. The rulers heeded him not, so that his heart was broken. Then he died, and the people mocked his sayings.

Their children called the Man a prophet of the Lord.

Yet, in every striving, it was given to the Soul to see that only he attaineth to the measure

of a Man, who, with whatsoever light he hath in life or death, treads out the paths of God.

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THE COMFORTABLE COMFORTERS

"When a child is crying," said Sister Charity, "the first thing to do is to soothe and comfort it. Until you do, the child will hear neither reason nor instruction"; ("nor even then," she added).

"When a child is crying," said Dr. Divine, "the first thing to do is to purify and regenerate its little heart. Until you do, children's sorrows will never end"; ("indeed, sorrows have no end," he added).

"When a child is crying," said Judge Law, the first thing to do is to restrain and punish those who made it cry. Until you do, children will always be blubbering" ("and, after that, still more," he added).

"When a child is crying," said the Disturber of the Peace, "the first thing to do is to find out what makes it cry. Until you do, you can't remove the cause."

"Why, we shouldn't want to remove the

cause," said the others: "we'd have to remove ourselves."

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THE JOY OF THE WORKING

I THOUGHT that I was a husbandman whom God sent into a dreary world. I toiled breaking up the hard earth and clearing off the ground, but the more I worked, the rougher looked my plot; for, where the briers were cut away, stones showed through the shale.

I was tired; and, when I saw God, I said to him that the vines went astray faster than I could straighten them, and that where I planted my grapes, wild grapes grew up instead. God said to me that there was strength in the wild grapes; and I said, "Aye, Lord, but look at the stones." God said, "Do not I need the stones?"

And, when I saw that God watched me as I worked, I said, "The toil is hard, but I shall see the fruit." God turned away, saying, "You shall not see the fruit." I cried after him, "But there will be fruit, O Lord?" and God said, "For all your labor you get strength, not fruit."

I said, complaining, "Lord, it were so much

better to find wild flowers that might be trained to be more beautiful; but there are always thorns for me to cut." And God said, "If there were not thorns, I had here no need of such an husbandman as you."

I went on working, for then I knew that I was laboring to make the Garden of the Lord that is to be.

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THE MOTIVE POWER

"WHY don't you do something practical?" said the Engine to the Fire. "You have been getting up steam all day, but that rock still stands in front of us."

"The boiler is large," said the Fire.

"Why waste your strength agitating the water?" puffed the Engine to the Fire. "Now, if you would light directly on that rock, your heat might some day crack it."

"There is a principle,"—said the Fire.

"It's not principle that we want: it's action! Splash the water over the rock, so that at least we can clean it," said the Engine to the Fire.

"Our drill has made a little hole in the rock," said the Fire.

"But now the drill has stopped," puffed the Engine to the Fire. "You don't make any progress, and the hole is all filled up."

Just then the engineer took a spark of the Fire, and touched it to a fuse. The rock went up in the air. The Engine went on puffing.

"Why don't you do something practical, like that?" said the Engine to the Fire.

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A MASQUE OF LIFE

THE moonlight streamed over my face so that I awoke: and in the clear, cool light I saw a great round hall, and in it the children of the Spirit worked and played. And on their faces, as on every face, was written what they were. Two were Birth and Joy, and two were Life and Love, and two were Sleep and Death. They wove garlands for one another; Birth they crowned with strength, and Life with holiness, and Death with peace. So the children walked together, and every step was like a dancing-step. And Plenty spread a feast for them.

While I looked, other children came to them whose names were these: Stupidity and Selfishness. These took Death's crown of peace, and burned it in the fire, and bound his brows with superstition. They made a mask for him out of a skull. They painted the face of Life with streaks of care, and covered Birth with a robe of misery.

When Love saw what it was they did, she opened a door upon which was written "Wisdom." Behind it was a long and painful stair called Knowledge. At the top the stair was dark, but I could see Love's garland that shone as she began to climb. She called to the others, "Come with me, children,—come." None followed her but Joy. Sleep would have gone; but the others gave her poppies, and bright wine to drink, so that she stayed.

When Love was gone, the children played no more; but they invited Want and Pain to visit them; and they made knives of cunning, and clubs of base desires, and with these they fought until they could fight no more.

The children went to another door on which was written "Happiness," and they knocked

upon it with their clubs and cut at it with their knives. They pushed one another back, lest one should open it for himself. But the door was shut to all.

I lay watching them, it seemed to me for thousands of years, yet the forms of the children were still the forms of youth; but the eyes of Sleep were red, and she looked often and sadly round for Love, and Life stared gloomily at the ghastly mask of Death.

With each in turn walked Want and Pain. These were old acquaintances of my own, so I looked closely at their faces; and, though I hated them, I saw in that clear light that their eyes were kindly eyes. While I watched, they led the children to the door of Wisdom; and the children opened it a little, and some began to climb, and threw aside their hideous garb. Selfishness could not go, for he was lame and blind. Want and Pain tried to lead Stupidity, but Stupidity would not be led.

The children climbed; but, as they went, they looked to see who followed them, and, when they saw who stayed behind, they turned to bring

them up. And, behold! they saw that the door of Happiness was opened wide. The moonbeams filled the hall.

As I lay thinking what it meant to me, Selfishness and Stupidity vanished from my sight. Want and Pain went up the stairs: the moonlight faded from the room.

I slept again

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THE BETTER WAY

The Rev. Christian Method went as a missionary to the Malays; and to such an extent were his efforts blessed that, no ships having come near his island home for over a year, he persuaded the Chief to abandon piracy in general and wrecking in particular. So complete was the transformation wrought upon these savages, that the theory of moral sentiments became the staple of conversation, and every child on the island attended the annual Sunday-school picnic.

One afternoon, however, a fine brig was driven in toward the coast by a storm; and the islanders watched her with great and natural interest. As night drew on, it became evident that she was

sinking fast, and that, although the wind had subsided, if she did not shortly make the harbor, she would be lost.

It was, therefore, with feelings of keen distress that the reverend man observed his parishioners preparing to kindle false lights, according to the ancient custom of that land. When he remonstrated with the Chief, that economist explained that the unaided vessel would sink, in any case, and that the lights were intended only to run her on the rocks, so that, as in civilized countries, the people might profit by the misfortune of others. The islanders were poor, and the winter coming on, and "men must live."

In vain the reverend father pointed out the wrongfulness of such a course. The Chief replied that it was their country, and that they were entitled to shape its policy for their own benefit, though this involved distress to foreigners. At the word "our country" a thought flashed on the clergyman. He said:

"This is, indeed, your island, is it not?"

"Of course," replied the Chief.

Then said the holy man, "Let me advise:

pollute it not with murder or with robbery. If you sink the ship, not only will much of the goods be lost, but the lives of the sailors, too. Kindle true lights, give aid to the ship, show them how to beach her safely on the sand inside the bar, and then"—

"What?" cried the Chief.

"Why," replied the saint, "charge them all they have as rent for living on your land."

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A FINANCE COMMITTEE

"Chris, there's too many of you shoemakers."

"How do you make that out, Pat?"

"Why, there's too many shoes; and it's you that makes them. Look at those boxes of them: they can't be sold."

"I think," says Chris, "it's you hatmakers there's too many of. Look at the stock of hats in every shop, going out of fashion before they are used."

"Well," says Pat, "what are you grumbling about? You're wearing a shabby enough hat."

"It's no worse than your boots," says Chris.

Pat scratched his head. "No," he said, "but there is overproduction of boots. I heard that in Mr. Rockefeller's 'School of Social Economics.'"

"I think," says Chris, "it's a lack of circulating medium. (My grandfather told me that.)"

"Stuff!" says Pat. "I'll trade you a hat for a pair of boots; that is, when I get some fur to make it out of and find time to make it. I have to work twelve hours a day now."

"Well, I'd like to trade; but, you see, I have to sell every pair of these shoes at the best price I can get for them, to get some clothes for the children. I made the grocer take out his bill in shoes last week, because I haven't any money; but I can't spare any more. The rent is due this week."

"Gad," says Pat, "I'll try that on my land lord. I'll make him take hats. I don't believe he'll do it, though; for he gets his rent in advance. Guess he'll put me out first. Then how will I sell hats, or trade them either, with no place to live at all, at all?"

"Mine would put me out for sure," says Chris.

"Sure, I thought you owned this shanty?" says Pat.

"So I do own the shanty, but I pay ground rent; that is, I put up the shanty myself. The land lord claims that he owns it now."

"Why don't you move over to the field opposite, and"—

"Why, the owner there would charge me all I could make, just the same as this one."

"Well, if you get him to take a pair of shoes or so, what will he give you for them?"

"Oh, if he takes the shoes, he won't put me out."

"I'll take the shoes; and I won't put you out, either," says Pat.

"Don't talk nonsense. You don't own the land. He does."

"How did he get it?"

"Bought it, same as you will have to buy my shoes?"

"From the one that made it, same as you made the shoes?"

"Well, no," says Chris, "I suppose he bought

it from some one that got it from the Indians. 'Crows' they called them. I hear tell they were Chinese originally."

"Sure the Indians didn't make it, nor even fence it in. I don't believe the Indians owned it anyhow, any more than the crows that flew over it."

"Well, anyway, he has it now, and the lots opposite, too. The people here wanted to dig the sand out of them, but he wouldn't let them at any price. If he had, the people around here would be doing well. It's hardly taxed at all, either; and I have to pay a lot on this bit of a shed. D—n the land lord! He does nothing but collect rent. Here he is now. Mr. Onus, I ain't got the rent yet."

"Ain't got the rent? If you ain't got the rent, Chris, you'll get the sack. Why don't you go out and peddle your shoes? I never saw so many people around here with bad shoes."

"Well, you see, sir, it's their rent day, too; and no one seems to have any money for bread, let alone shoes."

"Well, now, I'll tell you what it is, my man,"

says the land owner, "I'll wait till Monday, and not a day longer. I've heard all about you. You spend your time thinking and stirring up your neighbors, instead of working hard, as every man ought to. You're a kind of anarchist."

"Say, Pat," says Chris, "do you know what I think? There's an overproduction of land owners. Why don't we vote to tax those fellows out of their boots?"

"Faith, I would," says Pat, as he showed his toes. "It's long enough they've taxed us out of ours."

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THE INSPIRATION OF THE MIGHTY

Samson looked at the gates of Gaza. They were vast, rusted on their hinges, locked and fastened into the frame of stones. He said: "Many were they who lifted those gates into their place, and I am but one man. Can I, then, lift them up?" He thought, "Yet shall immortal glory come to me if I lift them; but they will crush me." And he looked again at their huge bulk, and halted; for the strength was not in him.

Then he said, "Am not I, even I, who shall

die and be forgotten, the Champion of Right!" And, because the power of God flowed into him in self-forgetfulness, he heaved the mighty gates, and bore them from the wall.

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THE CLARION THAT CALLS

As Samson was grinding at the mill, a messenger of Jahveh visited him, saying, "Samson, you are in misery: rise up and free yourself!" But Samson answered, "The toil is hard; and, when it is finished, I have no strength left," and turned again to his task. The messenger said again, "Jahveh will deliver Philistia into your hands." And Samson said, "What is that to me, for I am blind?" Yet he raised his sightless eyes. Then he bent again to toil.

The messenger was cast down. Nevertheless, he returned, and said, "You are strong, yet your own sons live in slavery." Samson answered, "Were my labors lightened, then might I deliver them." And, as he spoke, he stretched his arms.

The messenger said to himself, "Surely, I have been sent in vain." Howsoever, he turned

once more, and cried, "The children of Israel sigh by reason of the bondage; rise up, and you shall deliver them." Samson answered, saying, "But the Philistines will slay me." And the messenger answered, "So shall it be, Samson: your brethren need your death." And Samson said, "To-day they make sport of me, and to-day God will deliver his people by my hand."

For his soul had learned to see that death is not better than life: that, having given his life for love, a man may not withhold his death.

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CURRENT ECONOMIC LITERATURE *

It appears from the preface of this remarkable book that a lot of diaries, discovered in an old sail-loft, extend to the return to the island, and give some account of the economic difficulties that Selkirk (Robinson Crusoe) experienced in his famous State. His principal trouble was that Friday was chronically out of work, and

* *The Private Memoirs of Alexander Selkirk.* Published by the Bogus Press Company, Samoa. 2 vols. Calf, 8vo. $12.

eventually became a "submerged half." Breadfruit, fish and skins were easily obtained; and, after Robinson had eaten and wasted and worn all that he possibly could, Friday was unable to find employment for which Robinson could pay him by letting him keep part of what he had gathered and made. It will be remembered that Robinson made a spear from a stick, some traps, and baskets from reeds. These complicated the social problem, because they increased production, so that Robinson could not use it all.

After the arrival of Friday's father and the Spaniard, the social pressure became more intense. Friday was very good at climbing trees to gather fruit; while Saturday, his father, was quite clever at netting fish, and the Spanish proletariat was skillful in spearing goats. Consequently, employment became differentiated; and Friday spent his whole time in gathering fruit, getting such prodigious quantities of it that Robinson could not eat it all, and most of it rotted.

The same result followed the use of Saturday's net and the Spaniard's spear, so that wages

went down, and the three workingmen were reduced to want. They ascribed their poverty to the introduction of machinery. Of course, Robinson could have allowed the laborers to use a part of his island to support themselves; but, as he observed, there would then have been no reason why they should work for him rather than for themselves. Indeed, they might even have made spears, nets, and baskets for one another. It was not possible for Robinson to charge them rent; as he tells us in his story that he had all the things he needed, even before immigration began. He might have given them food as charity, but that would have pauperized the population.

But Robinson was a man of political genius and resource. He divided the island into three portions, prohibited immigration into each, and established high tariffs on everything. One division took in all the water, another nearly all the hills and woods, and the third was pasture and garden land.

Part of the increased population was now provided with a comfortable place, guarding the

lines. To be sure, this part lived at the expense of the others; but he "relieved the labor market." Under the new régime, Saturday, who was fond of fish, but was cut off from the sea, had to work all day to get bread-fruit enough to buy a mess of fish, which it took Friday a day to catch. A large surplus accumulated in the treasury, which it was no easier to dispose of than to dispose of a deficit, as there was no one to steal it, and no one to make war upon. Prices, however, instantly rose, so that, in order to get a bunch of bananas, it was necessary to gather a bushel of oysters or to give a whole goat. The "system" worked beautifully, and the domestic industry of raising infant goats on sand was greatly stimulated. They were continually "on the eve of prosperity." In fact, the only trouble was that Robinson got the gout, and Friday's father and the Spaniard starved to death.

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DISSOLUTION

THERE was a drop of water in the sea: The sea was stormy, so it was a troubled little drop, for it could not tell what its wave might do.

It said to itself, "If I could but fly away and be at rest!"

After long wandering in the currents, the drop was tossed upon the shore and the sun lifted it up to heaven.

Poor little drop!

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THE SINS OF THE WORLD
(A NIGHTMARE)

A CERTAIN man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and got into a trolley car. He had no stock in the line, and could not stop the car. The car rushed furiously over an unguarded crossing, and ran over a little girl. The man's car crushed the head of the child. (Thou art the man.)

A certain other man went down from New York to Georgia, and got into a mob. He had no acquaintances in the town, and could not stop the mob. The mob rushed furiously down the street, and ran over a little girl; and the man's foot crushed the child's face. (I was the man.)

Which, now, of us two, thinkest thou, went

down to his house justified rather than the other?

(Written: In memory of a very little boy whose pitiful dead hand I saw sticking out above the truck of a street car that had killed him, needlessly killed him, in Buffalo.)

OF ONE FLESH

He was a rough sort of Western fellow that sat beside me at the steamship table, and he would eat with his knife. Now I am a sensitive sort of man, and that annoyed me greatly. Therefore, during dinner, I looked black at him, and politely passed him forks till his place looked like a sample tray. We did not speak, but I could see that he felt antagonistic. He did not seem to make any attempt at amendment. Perhaps that was obstinacy or hateful pride.

One day it was very stormy; and, as I went to the cabin hatch to get a breath of air, I found him standing at the door.

The sea was dark and gloomy, and the chill wind blowing out of a dull sky kept up a monotonous roll of sea. I turned and looked at his face. It was sad, and drawn with care. I am

not an ill-natured man, so I said cheerfully, "It's rather gloomy, isn't it?" "Yes," said he sadly, —"yes, it looks very dark to me. When I came out three months ago, it all looked very bright. I'll tell you," said he. "I'm not an old man, but I have done pretty well and made my pile; and, after her poor mother died, I came out here with my little girl to show her the world and let her enjoy our money. She was just eighteen, and you never saw such a— We went to Rome, and"— He stopped a minute, and I looked out over the sea. "I'm coming home without her. She took the fever,—she took the fever in Rome; and——"

He turned suddenly, and stumbled down the companion stair.

I felt lonely now myself, for I knew that it was the soul of a Man that had looked out upon the restless sea with me. How blind I was that I had not seen till then! It was my brother who sat beside me at dinner, very silent, and eating with his knife, though I hardly noticed that. One does not mind the little failings of one's friends.

MONOPOLY'S PLEA FOR CHARITY

THE Old Man of the Sea was riding on Sinbad's neck, and Sinbad staggered under the weight. "Help this poor Soul," cried the dear Old Man. "Won't somebody lend him a hand?" The kindly disposed had pity on Sinbad, and gave him a stick with which he supported his tottering steps. The Old Man was much more comfortable, and grew more fat. Sinbad's knees were giving away. "How miserable the lower classes are!" said the good Old Man. "We must have systematic aid." The benevolent folk got a long crutch for Sinbad. He got on better, so the Old Man piled his baggage on Sinbad's back. Sinbad reeled, and almost fell. "He should have religion," cried the pious Old Man. So he rode him to church three times a week.

Still Sinbad staggered about. "It's moral restraint that Sinbad needs," said the pleasant Old Man. So he gave some of Sinbad's breakfast to a dog to snap at his heels. Sinbad pitched blindly on. "Education is what he wants," said the kind Old Man. "I'll teach him

to trot." So he jumped up and down, as if Sinbad were trotting. Sinbad seemed as weary as ever. "The condition of the laborer is intolerable," cried the sweet Old Man. "He must have government aid." So he made Sinbad fan himself with his hat.

"Why doesn't he climb up here with me?" said the nice Old Man, "there's plenty of room at the top?"

But Sinbad became dissatisfied, and even dishonest. So he "upset society," and threw the Old Man off into the sea. Poor Old Man! deprived of his vested rights and position; not even done by degrees. The unhappy Old Gentleman should have compensation—from Sinbad.

THE REVOLUTIONISTS

"Those are come hither also, who have turned the world upside down."

THERE was a man who wished to turn the world upside down. So, when he had taken the lever of discontent, he made a fulcrum in the land of dreams, and pushed. Because there was noth-

ing to resist him, he seemed to do great work. But the world turned on its way, and does not even remember him.

There was a man who wished to turn the world upside down. And, when he had taken the lever, he laid hold upon a star for a fulcrum. But, when he began to push, the star was so far from the world that he got no power at all; and his heart broke with the straining. And he also is forgotten.

There was a man who wished to turn the world upside down. He found the lever, and used a balloon for a fulcrum. It was made of pride, and varnished with self-conceit; when he pushed upon the lever, the balloon burst, and the man fell. And only hell remembers him.

There was a man who wished to turn the world upside down. When he had taken the lever, he rested it upon the sands of self-interest, and many came and helped him, and pushed mightily upon it; but the sands slipped, and the world rolled on and crushed the man. And the memory of him rots.

There was a man who wished to turn the world

upside down. And, when he had taken the lever, he planted it upon the Rock of Righteousness; and, when he found that the world was stronger than he, he allied himself with the powers of the Kingdom that is at hand. Therefore, when he pushed, the whole round world was overturned.

The world forgets him, like the rest; but his name is written in the Book of God's Remembrances.

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COLUMBUS I., LANDOWNER

Zoroaster teaches that men, according to their deserts, live over again greater or lesser parts of their former lives in every cycle of ten thousand years. Some memory of this former period may account for the strong sense that every one sometimes feels of having passed through the same events in the same order once before. The re-enactment of our sins, and the re-exaltation of our own dead virtues form the future reward and punishment. The Lords of Life and Death showed to the writer, as in a vision, events in his life of a former æon.

Thus they befell. He sailed in a curious high-

pooped ship, and under a great commander named Columbus. Hardships there were, which the quiet and simple sailor shared, and mutiny with which he would only argue. The story has been told from the re-enacted experience in our own æon, how at last land was sighted and a new world discovered.

After Columbus stepped on land in that primal age, he did a great, though unremembered wrong, and for this sin, in our later age, the course of events was changed for him to error and misfortune. What he found on shore—the disappointment that he suffered in the later age of 1492 A.D.—we know. But it was not so in the beginning. In that earlier, purer cycle, in which the writer figured, Columbus at least wrung from the hapless natives no tribute of gold—he searched for no Eldorado—he practiced no cruelties—he sent no slaves back to Spain. No; having found a better country, he sought not to return to the vices and strifes of already overcrowded lands. This great and gentle soul merely announced that, by the right of discovery and of pre-emption, he owned all

the land of America, and there would make his home. His wants were few—a handful of his faithful followers, by a little toil, furnished him with all that he could consume and all that he needed for his comfort. His mental vigor gave way under the strain of owning so much. He became fat, stupid and lazy—but he held on to the country; and those followers that served him best he allowed to work upon his land.

In return for the privilege of living in the recesses of his continent, two or three of the docile Indians gladly brought him all the game and fruits he and his friends could use; but the problem was what to do with the "unemployed." There was no demand for labor. The commander was naturally unwilling to allow his dependents to work on land for which they could not pay him rent, and, as he already had all the goods that his leisure and the capacity of his stomach allowed him to consume, there was nothing valuable to him with which they could pay.

It would have struck at the foundation of rent to have allowed the overpopulation of Indians or the surplus sailors to use the land for nothing.

It would have been neither wise nor right, for then no one would have paid any rent; and "progress would have stopped; the leisure class have been abolished and society overturned."

Everything that an obese mortal could do Columbus did to "improve the condition of the poor." He wrote a book upon "Agricultural Depression." He ate five meals a day so as to increase consumption. He counted the cases of starvation, and tabulated the fatal cases as due to atavism, drink, gluttony, inertia, ignorance, shiftlessness, vice, and (possibly) lack of work.

He deeply felt the distress, and donated to the poor fund all the unripe fruit that fell of itself; and all the diseased animals he gave for charity; but the depression continued. He educated the Indians in the use of traps, so that they could catch more game, but every day there was less and less market. Prices fell fearfully low, for the few who were allowed to produce anything could find none who had anything to exchange for the product. Columbus established a tariff and precluded further immigration, so as to make work. He appointed a Commis-

sioner to figure out that his people were getting high wages, but they began to complain; they became socialistic and formed trades unions; they "struck," and would not work for less than they could live upon; but day by day, as civilization advanced, and the country was surveyed by Columbus, and "developed" by his captains (who planted a grant instead of a banner), living became harder. Columbus instructed his philosophers to teach that this was due to over-production, but the writer thought that it was due to hoarding money. (Columbus made him a professor.)

The priests taught religion, and the people heard them gladly, yet disease and crime followed famine in the land.

It seems clear that these people were totally depraved. Their sufferings were the result of their original sin. Tumults arose and huge uproar—Columbus was one against many.

What then? Darkness streaked with red!—then sunlight.

The vision passed from me and the dream was closed.

THE SANS-CULOTTES

"MINERS in Hocking Valley seven dollars and fifty cents a month?" said the Professor of Social Economics. "Oh, the cure for that is to raise the standard of living. My patron is just shipping champagne and cigars to take the place of their beer and pig-tail plug. Then they won't work so cheap."

"That is right," said the Charity Organizer. "What the poor mostly want is a want. To be sure, they want breeches now; but that's not what I mean."

"It seems to me," said the Ignorant Man, "that a man without breeches has a very definite want."

"They should have a change of heart, not a change of raiment," observed the Bishop.

"We must teach them temperance by books," said Mr. Templar. "Then they could save all their seven dollars and fifty cents for food and luxuries and—and—breeches, you know."

"A higher tariff is what they need," said Mr. Hometrade. "You see, if they paid more for

everything, then those that supply them would have more money to buy their coal."

"But," said the Ignorant Man, "the Creator made the coal for the land-owner; and the Sansculottes are not allowed to mine it. It isn't their coal."

"That's an abstract question," murmured the University Settler. "The thing to do is to get near to these poor miners, and then we shall understand their needs."

Said the Ignorant Man, "I understand that they need breeches now."

"It should be made more profitable to have the country opened up," remarked Mr. Subsidy.

"I should rather make it less profitable to have the mines shut down," said the Ignorant Man.

"Nonsense! That's Utopian. What is needed is to make the miners all church members," said Dr. Mission Nary.

"Like the mine-owners?" asked the Ignorant Man.

"Now you haven't studied this problem," said the Professor. "It's very complex, but this diagram will make it clear. *WANT* are the

axes. Let *b* represent the supply of necessaries.—"

"Breeches?" asked the Ignorant Man.

"Don't interrupt," said the Professor. "Then *x* will represent the cost, and *a* the men: therefore, the curve *b a x* is the efficient demand. Now, to find the marginal utility of life we extract the square root of *b*——"

"Will the square root of *b* cover a man's legs?" inquired the Ignorant Man.

"No," whispered the Professor, "but our theories about it will cover man's inhumanity."

PHILOSOPHER DOG

I SUPPOSE I must have been half asleep when I heard Snap whine, "Yeow arn yow ell." It sounded like, "You aren't very well." Strange! I listened again. However, I am fond of Snap, and sometimes talk to him. So I said: "No, I'm not well. Monopole is after the rent of the farm, and I haven't got the money."

"Rent?" said Snap, quite distinctly. "What's rent?"

"Why," said I, "it's what we pay to be allowed to live on any part of the earth that's good for anything."

"Oh!" said Snap, "you know I caught a rabbit yesterday. He was so fat he could hardly run, so I know all the rabbits will be fat. You aren't as plump as Mr. Monopole."

"No," said I. "You see Monopole's my land lord. I pay him for letting me work this farm."

"Why do you do that?"

"Well," I said, "it's hard to make it clear to an unreasoning mind; but, you see, the King of England granted—that is, eh,—the Indians long ago—er—the people of—I mean that generations past agreed—Oh, say, you couldn't understand that: you're a dumb animal."

"Dumb animal!" said Snap, indignantly. "It's you that's dumb. I have yelled at you every night for six years, and you have never even answered me till now."

"I thought you were baying at the moon," said I, politely.

"Baying! Stuff! Dogs don't bay at the

moon. The light keeps me awake, so that I feel the rheumatism, and I yell at you to get me a warm bed. Don't men keep yelling when they are uncomfortable?"

"Well, no," I said. "They mostly say it's due to hard times, and that there's no good grumbling."

"What did you say dogs are?" said Snap. "Manimals, was it?"

"No, dumb animals," I said.

"I heard you barking at night one November. Were you baying at the moon?"

"No, you stupid beast. I was shouting for Sound Money and Protection."

"Did you get the Sound Money?"

"Oh, yes, we got it all right."

"Then," says Snap, "why don't you pay your rent with it?"

"Well, I didn't exactly get it myself; but the country did."

"And do you own some of the country?"

"N-o, but we all get the Protection."

"What's that?"

"Why," I said, "I will try to be simple. It's

a way of keeping people from eating or wearing English things."

"Are English things poison, that you keep people from eating them?"

"Oh, no, they are just as good as ours; but they cost less."

"Then you certainly are rather simple not to use them. Willie has a guinea pig shut up in that little pen in the front yard, so that it can't get at the English clover. Is that Protection?"

"No, that's restriction," I said.

"But if the clover were shut out from the guinea pig, instead of the guinea pig shut in from the clover, would that be Protection?"

"It seems—but we were talking about the landlord," I answered.

"Is Willie the guinea pig's land lord, then?"

"Something like that," I said, although I had never thought of it before.

"Would the guinea pig stay there if it were as big and wise as you?"

"No, of course not."

"Then is Mr. Monopole bigger and wiser than you?"

"Oh bother! Don't you know old Monopole yourself?"

"If he's no wiser than you, I'm sorry for him," said Snap. "Is——"

"Say, Maria, this dog won't let me rest. I wish you'd put him in the barn."

As Snap was pulled out, I heard him yell out angrily: "Barking at the moon, indeed! Why, the moon is two hundred and forty thousand miles off; but it's not so much off as the master."

Snap thinks too much. Such dogs are dangerous.

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A LICENSE TO LIVE

"Say, Master Renter," said Snap the first time he got me alone, "isn't that rent you told me about like the dog license?"

"Why, yes, in some ways. How do you mean?" I asked.

"I heard the collector tell you that fifty cents had to be paid for me to live."

"Yes," I answered. "He said that was because dogs kill sheep and go mad."

"Would you kill sheep and go mad, if you didn't pay rent?"

"Maybe," said I. "I suppose I'd be an anarchist." Then, to turn the subject, I added, "But, if I didn't pay fifty cents for you, you'd be shot."

"Then Mr. Monopole will shoot you if you don't pay rent?"

"Why, no," I answered, "he won't shoot me, but he might as well: he will put me off the farm. Then I'll be a tramp."

"Do they shoot tramps?"

"No," I said, "they shoot only strikers so far; but they put tramps in jail."

"Mr. Monopole couldn't put you anywhere: he's too weak and fat. Besides, I'd bite him."

"You're a good dog," I said. "Monopole certainly couldn't put me off alone; but all the people in the country would help a landlord, if necessary, to get his rights,—that is, to get his lan— I mean to say, to put me off."

"Then all the people in the country are land lords except you?" asked Snap.

"Dear, no," I said. "Only about one in every

eight owns any land; and, even of those, the most, instead of paying rent to a land lord, pay interest to a mortgagee."

"Then why would they help?"

"Because they, or, rather, the masters of their ancestors, made the law that way."

"I don't see that that's any reason," said Snap, "but I have an unreasoning mind. What's interest?"

"Interest," I said, "is what we pay for the use of bills that we get from the bank."

"Why don't you make them yourself?"

"Because the law allows only people who have twenty-five thousand dollars to issue money."

"Who made that law?" asked the dog.

"Why, we did," I said. I knew he was going to ask why. So I added, "You know, 'To him that hath shall be given.'"

"Do you think, then," said Snap, "you'll be given any brains?"

"It isn't my fault," I said desperately. "I'm only one of those that made the law that way."

Said Snap: "If I were you, I'd rather be shot

like a striker than help in such laws. What is a striker, anyway?"

"A striker," I told him, "is a man that won't work for the wages he can get."

Snap scratched his head with his hind leg. "Do people get paid for working?" he asked. "I thought you said that you paid Mr. Monopole for being allowed to work."

That's just like a dog. Dogs and women shouldn't be allowed to talk, when they can't vote; and you can't make them understand our political economy.

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IS THY TENANT A DOG?

"WHAT's wages?" asked Snap.

"Wages are— They are the part the workingman gets of the wealth he makes."

"What is wealth?"

"Wealth, of course," I said, "is anything that people want, produced from land by work."

"Oh! But I thought it was you workingmen who made all things. Why don't you keep them all?"

"Because workingmen are like draft animals:

they don't appreciate their power, and they don't unite. They distrust one another."

"I wouldn't do that. But, then, I'm only a stupid beast. What are you?"

"I'm—I'm—looking out for myself," I said.

"When I caught the rabbit, you gave me the skin and bones. Was that my wages?"

"I suppose so."

"If I'd caught him on your land, I'd have owed you another rabbit for rent, shouldn't I?"

"Yes, but you got him on Monopole's land. He owns all the land here. He would charge you rent, only he doesn't know you catch rabbits."

"If the crop of rabbits failed so I couldn't catch two a day, then how could I pay?"

"I guess you'd have to dig potatoes at night with your paws: like me at harvest time," I added bitterly.

"Why, then," says Snap, "the rent gives employment and diversified industries."

"Yes, like the tariff," I said. "But, then, it accumulates capital."

"What's capital?" asked the dog.

Said I: "Capital is that part of wealth used

to produce more wealth. When I gave you your breakfast, which enabled you to run all day after the rabbit, that was an advance of capital."

"I see," says Snap. "Then, if you'd charged me interest, you would have kept the bones, and I'd have had to starve on the skin."

"I'd have to feed you anyhow, because I own you."

"Does old Monopole have to feed you?"

"No," I said, "of course not."

"Then hadn't you better get old Monopole to own you?"

"Nonsense!" I said angrily. "This is a free country."

"Why," says Snap, hotly, "you told me Monopole owned it."

"Yes," I answered. "But the men are fr—that is, men can't own a man in the United States."

"What's a man?"

"A man is a reasoning animal."

Snap rolled over laughing, and laughed himself into a fit. I don't know what he was laughing at, but I don't like dogs that have fits.

A CLEAN HEART

THERE was a woman that desired to have Love for her guest, for she knew that where Love is, Joy cometh, and Peace abideth.

Therefore she made clean the chambers of her heart. She opened the doors, and prepared the entrance. She swept out prejudices and desires, and brightened the portals with the oil of kindness.

But in a little press in a corner, there dwelt a family of rats, and the woman tried to forget them altogether. She said, "I have put them out of my life, as though they had never been." Yet she did not drive them away, for she said: "The hole is dark, and I shall but soil my hands. I do not know what may be under their nest."

Under the nest were moldering bones and relics of forgotten quarrels. The woman said, "If I should rake out all these things, I should disturb the order of my house."

Love came to make his home with her.

But in the morning the napery was soiled, and the floor was strewn with offal and with rubbish.

The woman was displeased, and blamed her child for making all the dirt. . . .

That night Love came not back.

Next day the woman cleansed the house again, and then sought after him. At evening she found him, and brought him back once more.

But in the morning the furniture was gnawed and the house was foul with dirt. The woman scolded her servants, and they made defense; when she looked for Love, he had gone.

The rats bred and rioted through the house. They grew strong, and took up much room. The woman said, "I can only forget those rats, for to root them out now, would destroy the house."

Love came back no more.

MONOPOLY

THE prize that the overworked tutor promised, if the elder boys would but be quiet for this one term, was given to-day. To-day the tutor took Richard and Jack out with him, and bought a big gray squirrel,—so beautiful! Tommy was left at home: he is quite small.

Now they have brought the squirrel home, and they race upstairs and lock themselves into their little room. They are going to take Bunny out of the cage.

But Tommy has heard. His stout little feet paddle, paddle, up the long flight. He hears the door close. He hears his brothers shout. They say, "How shall we get him out?" They scream with excitement. Tommy is excited, too. He is at the top, breathless; but the door is shut.

"Please let me in." No answer. "Oh, please, please let me in,—only just for one little minute." The children are wild: they do not hear.

He calls again, again. "Oh, do, do, please, only please." They do not answer. The door is shut. He sits down on the mat, silent, despairing, quietly sobbing. On the one side misery, on the other joy; but the door is shut.

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IN THE JURISDICTION OF GOD

A Woman went out to sow the seed of tenderness. In the sand she sowed it, and nothing but disappointment came of it. Therefore, she

mixed self-deception and weakness and good intentions with the sand; and there sprang up a crooked tree, that was called Expediency, and from it grew gnarled branches of laws.

She said, "This tree is more convenient than the tree of Rectitude; for that will neither bend nor break, nor can one twist it to suit the circumstances."

She said, "The tree of Rectitude can never grow upon earth." She heaped up beautiful white lies about Expediency, and sprinkled it with flattery; and she made a prop for it out of charity. She said, "It is very fair."

But the trunk of it was hollow and the branches rotten; its flowers were Distrust, and its fruit Compromises and Complications.

Yet the Woman ate of the fruit, and gave the flowers to her children. Alas! the flowers were fœtid, and the fruit was poisonous.

She said: "I meant well when I sowed it. Surely, it is a goodly tree; yet it brings forth evil fruit!"

. . . . .

But on the Mountain there was One that sowed

the seed of Righteousness, and with great toil planted it among the rocks, and watered it with tears; and that tree grew up and blessed the land.

The Woman looked upon it, and said, "There are thorns upon it, and its trunk is rough and coarse."

But its roots broke the rocks, and still it spread until the whole nation was sheltered under it. And on it grew the beautiful flowers of Justice and the pleasant fruits of Love.

The Woman said, "Where that tree grows is the Kingdom of Heaven, and they that tended it are the very children of God."

AN ALLEGORICAL BOAT

That ridiculous Genius could have made a fortune if he would only have painted things as other people see them. Now there is a good demand for pictures of "War" and "Peace." "War" has a regiment of men, nicely dress-parading up a hill at double-quick. There is some smoke in the middle distance. Here and there

a man has softly fallen,—presumably killed for effect,—a gray war-charger, and so on.

"Peace" has one of the same sort of men, immeasurably smug, with a woman's arm on his neck and several stolid children, apparently waiting to be told that they may go. Some fruit and a workman's cap—

The Boating pictures ought to be of eight neat collegians with a little coxswain. The faces should look like Cheshire cheeses, and the figures like tailors' dummies. That sort of picture sells. People like that kind.

But this man, when he got an order, put in the foreground of his battle-piece a greenish corpse, torn from the hip to the neck, and a wretch trying to drag himself off the dusty road, with his bowels trailing in his shadow, and—Well, I won't describe it. His "Peace" was a picture of a ragged orphaned babe, with cavernous face. From dirt and neglect, ulcers— But there! If I were to tell you about his pictures as they are, you would not buy my book. The worst of it was that he labeled them "Savagery" and "Civilization."

But I was going to tell you about the boat. It was to be a picture of "Progress in the Twentieth Century." Well, on one side, in front of the boat, he had a lot of people lolling at their ease. They had whips in their hands, and seemed to be making the ragged people in the stern do the rowing. And all the poor-looking people were on the same side, too, so that the boat tipped over frightfully. The helmsman was perched away up on the gunwale, trying to keep the balance; and he must have been neglecting his steering, for you could see a half-circle of foam in their wake.

I asked my genius what that meant, besides meaning that the picture would be thrown back on his hands. He said "the boat is Society, and the people in the front are the cunning and the strong, who have compelled the lower classes to leave their places and to toil for them. That was the reason that all were on one side of the boat. The intelligent helmsman is doing the best he can to keep things straight. The figure with the seraphic face, not quite finished, is just an ordinary crank, climbing up on an oar rigged

out over the tilting side, and sacrificing comfort and endangering his support to correct a result of social wrong."

Now, if Moses or Jeremiah had painted a thing like that in Biblical times, it might have sold. Besides, they weren't dependent upon the public. But for a commercial painter! Why, he could no more do it than an editor could admit that the "policy" of the paper came from the counting-house. My painter is a totally impracticable man.

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THE FIRE

THERE was a great fire in the pit. It had been built with toil, and it was fierce and bright. Huge logs blazed up, heating one another, and the flames roared hungrily.

On the edge of the pit, beyond the fire, a fagot had been blown. No one saw it. The outside of it was charred and cold. But its heart glowed. It was a little fagot.

The great fire died out, for all its fuel was consumed. The air grew damp and chill.

There came a wind from God, and the fire

in the little fagot waked. Slowly a wreath of smoke curled out, slowly a little tongue pushed up, and the fagot burst into flame. Softly the flame crept through the grass; it touched a tree and vaulted wildly up—the forest was afire, and its brightness lighted up the world.

The little fagot's mission was fulfilled, and it burned out, like the great fire. No one noticed it. Its fuel was consumed.

COMPETITION

It is not generally known that before the Indian mutiny, there had been extensive economic discussions among the natives, and that at the uprising some interesting sociological experiments were made by the sepoys, which were unfortunately stopped by the British guns.

The Manchester School had long been teaching that all restraint of the individual was unfair, that each should grab all that he could, and that, however unjust the conditions, there was nothing so good as *Laissez faire*. Therefore, when the natives made their first large capture of the

English, they proceeded to put these principles in practice, while the band played the March of Civilization. They stuffed the prisoners into what has most unfairly come to be known as the "black hole" of Calcutta, and left them severely alone. Those English malcontents made a great outcry because most of them died in the night, from thirst and heat and suffocation. Now the "hole" was no blacker than an ordinary coal mine, and it is much easier to die in one night than to be worked to death for years.

One of the English gentlemen said to the sentry: "Here, you blackguard, we are dying in here. You must do something to relieve us."

"You haven't read 'Malthus,'" returned the guard "In India, population is pressing upon the means of subsistence; and war, pestilence, and famine are the means, mercifully appointed by God and us, for curing this disease."

"But," said the officer, "our condition is horrible. What shall we do?"

"Compete freely among yourselves," answered the man. "Experience shows that all attempts

from outside to better the condition of the weaker and dependent classes result, in the end, only in increasing misery."

"But think of our common humanity"—

"Ah, yes," replied the sentry. "If you are not satisfied, go elsewhere: you are perishing merely from overcrowding. The remedy for that is emigration."

"But you have made it impossible for us to emigrate. We are shut up in here."

"You suffer," said the guard, "from your own weakness and imprudence. Interference with conditions that have evolved themselves would be most unwise."

"You brute!" cried the Englishman. "We are trampling upon one another! Give us, at least, air and water!"

"Air and water," replied the sepoy, "are the elements of nature which are appointed for possession by an overruling Power, and on which the proletariat are no more entitled to seize than they are to confiscate the land."

"I can't argue," said the officer. "We are dying in here for want of what lies open all

about us. Why won't you let us use some of the water that you do not need?"

"Because," returned the other, "our appropriation of water has restricted the supply, and given it a value, much of which is in the hands of widows and orphans. This value it would not be right to destroy. However, you have the same liberty as every one else to buy some water."

"Buy!" answered the unhappy Briton. "You have taken from us everything with which we could buy: you have robbed us of all we had."

"Don't use anarchistic phrases, my friend, else I'll shoot you as a striker. You are a worthless and discontented lot; and to let you out would be, as Professor Gunkum expressed it, 'to subject the newer and higher type to the degrading competition of the older and lower.'"

"Well, for mercy's sake, let some of the children out, anyhow!"

"Now I pity you with all my charity organization," said the sentry. "But, if I were to release you now, you would add to the ordinary glut of the labor market; and I am not going

to interfere either with free competition or with the survival of the fittest."

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REMEDIAL MEASURES

"Oh, sir, cried one of the prisoners in the "Black Hole of Calcutta" to the Maharaja, as he came to visit the gaol, "pray let us out of this. We are in great distress, and dying by the dozen."

"Dying?" replied the prince. "Then something must be done. We must first find the extent, and then the cause of your distress."

So he sent a friendly visitor, who took the measure and the weight of each one in the hole, and figured out how many feet of air he breathed. He made a scientific study of the case, and noted the following valuable and interesting sociologic conclusions—the friendly visitor had a large family:

"*First.* Competition is at the root of all this suffering. Had the prisoners taken turns at the peep-hole in the door of the cell, all could have lived till now.

"*Second.* Underlying this is human greed;

for the stronger ones stopped up the breathing-space with their heads, and so the weaker perished.

"*Third.* There is a maladjustment of the social force. If, instead of breathing in the air and returning it from their lungs into the cell, the prisoners would discharge it on the outside, a large number would survive.

"*Fourth.* Those poor people are prodigal of their water. They drink whole cupfuls at a time: whereas, were they persistently to breathe through the nose, the desire for water would be greatly lessened.

"*Fifth.* There is no real scarcity of water, as the Ganges and the Mississippi hold an abundant supply, which is practically free. The heat is an unavoidable incident of human life, though aggravated by the vices and fever of the poor prisoners. To open the door as a panacea is a fascinating theory; but I am constrained to say (else I should lose my job) that the only immediate and practical remedy is to mitigate their thirst by giving the lower strata rags to chew. Much might be done, also, by blowing through

the key-hole. But the only real specifics are: first, education, so that they may make the best of their opportunities, but not any education that could make them discontented; and, second and mainly, moral elevation."

When the Maharaja read the report, he sent to the prisoners a teacher of sloyd and a book upon "The Pleasures of Content." And he raised the visitor's salary.

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SAUVE QUI PEUT

When the King was come to his own, his soldiers were scattered and few. Therefore, each felt that he must depend upon himself and upon the word of the King. So, wherever these soldiers went, they overthrew the citadels, and the cities surrendered, saying, "Behold, these are come hither also, which have turned the world upside down."

With such success the army of the King became organized; and, when they sought a free country, the soldiers learned to trust to the generals and to the artillery. When the enemy ap-

peared, each soldier said in his heart, "This great army will be victorious"; and he added, "So they do not need me." "We shall surely succeed," said every one to himself, "therefore, I need do nothing."

So those poor soldiers were plundered and slain, and only the fierce and cunning escaped at all.

The General said, "Those who have thought have not yet suffered, and those who have suffered have not yet thought."

But the King bided his time.

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TO SATISFY THE HUNGRY MAN

A Feudal Lord had a big Teutonic Serf. The Teuton was dissatisfied. He said he should like more comfort and less abuse. "But," said his owner, "your miseries are due to intemperance. What you need is a high license." "Well," said the Serf, "let us try it." His condition did not improve. Then said the Serf, "I need more privileges." "Not at all," said the Feudal Lord. "Your wretched condition is due to drink: what

you now need is prohibition." Said the Serf, "That should be enough." His case seemed worse than ever. "I want less oppressive taxes," said the fellow. "Not you," returned the Master. "What you lack is a system of indoor and outdoor relief." Said the Teuton, "I will try poor relief." And he became yet more miserable.

"I get too little of what I produce," said the Serf again. "Nonsense!" replied his Lord. You have too many children: you require well-organized charity." "Perhaps that might suffice," said the Serf. But his state became more pitiable still. And the Land Lord remarked: "The Aryan races pay too much for food. My government experts will show it," said he. "I demand more liberty," said the Serf. "You can choose your own overseer," said the Land-owner. "I should govern myself," said the fellow. "Oh, no," said the Lord. "You should buy a patent cook-stove, and save the swill." The life of the Teuton grew harder and harder.

"I am going to have co-operation." "Dear me!" said the Land Lord. "Take universal suf-

frage instead." The Serf grew poorer and shabbier. "Give me a better currency," said he.

"It is time," said the Land Lord, "to resist these demands." And he lied to the Serf, and wheedled him out of his purpose. The Serf asked for just taxation. The Land Lord said, "Let us try to satisfy him with public bathhouses and an old age pension."

The Slave grew hungrier still. "I must take the land," said he. "What you must have," said the Land Lord, as he got up a scare of war, "is an increased army and a strong government."

"I will have your head," said the Man.

A BUSINESS CRASH

A FACTOR wanted some butcher's chopping-blocks. So he employed a telegraph company to send a message to that effect up to Bangor, Maine. The company employed a man to deliver it. The agent to whom it was addressed hired a gang of woodsmen. The men laid in a stock of flour and pork, which the farmers had raised, got teams, and went into the woods to

cut the lumber. They floated it down the river to the saw-mill. There it was cut into the proper lengths by the mill hands, trimmed by the carpenter's employees, and loaded, while it was still nothing but the rounded trunks of trees, into ships by the 'longshoremen. The sailors brought the load to New York, where a banker refunded to the agent, for account of the factor, the wages of all these workers.

Truckmen carted the tree trunks up to storage sheds, built by some framers for that purpose. The factor employed commission men to visit the butcher shops, and, wherever the chopping-blocks looked old or unsanitary, to offer new ones at moderate prices. Then the truckmen hauled the sections of tree trunks to the various shops, and put them in position. They were no longer mere trunks of trees: they had become part of the butcher's capital.

Meanwhile the factor had made a profit on them while they were raw material, and contracted with a builder to put up a house for him on Long Island.

Next year the factor wanted to repeat the

operation. He sent a letter this time, and promptly got back word that all the heavily timbered land had been bought by a syndicate, which had induced Congress to put a tariff on lumber (so as to encourage American industry), and that in view of the prospective rise in value, the syndicate had decided to restrict the supply and raise the prices of big timber.

Upon figuring what he could get for blocks, the manufacturer replied that he could not see anything in it for him. Therefore, the agent did not hire those men that year, the teams were not needed, and, even though the woodsmen had to go hungry, the corn and bacon could not be bought from the farmers, who had expected to find a home market for it. Business was dull up in Bangor that fall, as the mill hands were out of work and the carpenters could find nothing to do. The 'longshoremen had to strike against a threatened reduction of wages, because there were idle hands about the docks offering to work for less. The butchers got along with the old blocks for another year; and the customers ate canned beef, because the butchers,

the banker, the truckmen, and the commission men all found business bad and ascribed it variously to "financial uncertainty," "dull times," and "over-production."

The factor, wishing to employ his office and to do something that he could get pay for, sent next to Rockland, to try to get some limestone, have it burned, and sell it here; but he learned that a company that owned the Vermont lime quarries had gotten hold of the most of the Maine land, and were not selling any limestone there. He tried to get some iron ore; but the agent laughed at him, and said that was the closest monopoly in the United States, and that an outsider had no chance to get in. So the factor, whose expenses were running on, discharged his clerks and made an assignment. Bradstreet's said his failure was due to too heavy expenditures, and his clerks applied to the Selectmen for relief. The officials advised them to go to the country,—up to Maine, for instance, where there is plenty of work for all.

A SOCIAL ARRANGEMENT

"I WANT some room in this world," said the Baby.

"You haven't any capital with which to buy land," said the Emeritus Professor of Social Economics and Political Economy, "therefore you can't have it."

"Capital," said the Baby, "what's that?"

"Things used to produce more things," replied the Emeritus Professor of S. E. & P. E.

"That seems clear," said the Baby. "Are there no such things that you call 'capital' in the world?"

"Oh, yes; there is an overabundance of capital. It goes to waste because we can't find employment for it."

"Lend me some of it," said the Baby. "I'll use it."

"You can't, for you have no land to use it on," replied the E. P. of S. E. & P. E.

"Is everybody working who could use it for me?" persisted the troublesome child.

"No," replied the Professor. "Not exactly.

You don't seem to understand the law of Supply and Demand."

"What is this law of Supply and Demand?" asked the Baby.

"It is," said the Professor, "that when people want things others make them for them—that is —well—ah—you are too young to understand that. They need capital."

"Where does capital come from?" asked the Baby again.

"Why, men make it by work, out of land, and the products of land."

"If I made some should I own it?"

"Yes—that is—er—certainly you ought to."

"All right," said the Baby. "My father will work and make some capital for me; so now let me have room for my cradle."

"I told you before," replied the Professor, "there is too much capital already."

"Well, let me have a place to stand, and I will do some work."

Said the Professor: "Nobody wants your work."

Said the Baby: "I want it myself. If I don't work, how can I live?"

"You can't have it," answered the Social and Political Economist. "There is an overproduction of goods, a large number of persons who want goods, and so many people to work that they can't find anything to do."

"I don't understand that," said the Baby.

"Neither—do—I," said the Professor slowly.

"When I grow up I'll buy some land with the capital I make."

"There won't be any land for sale by the time you grow up. It will be just like England."

"Isn't there enough land? Is all the land there used?"

"Oh, dear, no, it isn't all used, but it is all valuable, and there is a short supply."

"What makes land valuable?" asked the Baby.

"The increase of persons there," said the Professor promptly—"even a baby ought to know that."

"Have I given a value to this land by being born?"

"Certainly," replied the E. P. of S. E. & P. E.

"Then I want a share of the value that I have made," said the Baby.

"But," said the Professor, "that belongs to the owners of the land."

And as the Baby had nothing to live on, it died. And afterward the Professor died, and then God asked him some questions about Social and Political Economy.

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GRIEF, AND THE END OF GRIEF

He knew injustice had been done. The world looks very dark when one is only six and injustice has been done.

Therefore, he rested his curly head upon his chubby hands, just as once he saw his mother do. He shook with sobs, and the tears ran down his little nose and fell upon the dusty ground. And in the dust they made a dark, round hole, just like the evil world. But overhead the light clouds drifted and the bright sun shone.

A little ant toiled through the hills of sand;

and, when it reached the tear-wet spot, its burden slipped into the hole. The ant rolled after it; and a tiny, dusty land-slide followed it.

The child had pity on the ant, and got a little straw to help it out. He brushed the sand into the hole; and the insect took its burden up again, and walked its rugged way.

The sun dried up the tear-wet dust. The child's sobs ceased, for he was comforted; and he looked up, and saw the sun.

The world looks very bright when one is only six, and kindness has been done.

THE DIVISION OF LABOR

In the old times a man made his plans, did his work, received his product, said it was his right, and thanked his God that there was enough for all, so no one need worry. Now, an employer makes the plans, a laborer does the work, a monopolist receives the product, a professor says it is all right, and a clergyman thanks his God there is too much for some, so no one need care.

THE LITTLE RATIONALIST

THE superintendent's voice rolled out musically as he read those beautiful verses, Matthew vi. 26, 28, 29:

"Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns: yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?

"And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow: they toil not, neither do they spin:

"And yet I say"—

"Say, mister," piped up that Bryan boy, "if I owned the land and charged them lilies rent, then where would they grow?"

"Why, you naughty boy! What a question! God could pay,—why, God owns all the land himself. That is—er—you're disturbing the school, and you'd better go home."

"Well, God can't feed no fowls on my land," said the child, as he was led out by the ear, "without he pays me the rent."

THE FIRST STEP

"THE way to make a pudding," said the Clergyman, "is to have all the materials good. Piety brings success."

"The way to make a pudding," said the Civil Service Reformer, "is to put all the best materials on top. We will have an examination to find out which are the best."

"The way to make a pudding," said the Prohibitionist, "is to keep rum out of it. We will have an excise law."

"The way to make a pudding," said the Socialist, "is to let the State attend to everything. We will elect a Bureau of Universal Affairs."

"The way to make a pudding," said the Anarchist, "is to do away with all rules. Men are naturally good, and will naturally make good puddings."

"The way to make a pudding," said the Single Taxer, "is to put in flour; let the people get at the land to raise the wheat."

"Meanwhile," said the Monopolist, "I shall eat the pudding."

RECONSTRUCTION

THREE turbulent soldiers lay in gaol. Pending their trial, they strove to get out. They tried to bribe the gaolers, they reasoned with the turnkeys, they appealed constantly to the Governor, and between times they tunneled under the wall.

One of them made a plan to blow up the gaol. Said the first prisoner, as they worked together, "When we've broken down the gaol, we'll build an orphan asylum here."

"We will not," said the second, "orphan asylums mean slavery."

"It is a monument we'll build to Henry George," said the third.

With that they stopped the work, and fell to fighting. At that moment the benevolent warden came in. Said he: "You agitators here are making a mistake. There isn't any outside to this gaol: the best we can do is to improve the condition of the poor within." So he put them in a stronger cell.

They said, "Had we not quarreled, we should have been free."

LORDS OF THE AIR

THE Supreme Court of the United States found for the plaintiff in the great case of Simon Magus against the mayor, aldermen, etc., of Olathe, Kansas. The case was this: A part of Olathe was built on the lands owned by Magus, who acquired an enormous fortune by selling them. He laid out the streets, granting rights of way, "but reserving to himself all other rights in the streets." Nevertheless, the people of Kansas, as the complaint set forth, "wrongfully and maliciously assumed to breathe the air in said streets, and committed other trespasses upon the rights of said Magus in said air."

The court held, following the "single tax" case (Tawresey *v.* the Town of Dover, Superior Court of Kent County, Delaware), that the street was merely for passage.

This finding occasioned greater surprise than the income tax decision of some years past (Pollock *v.* Farmers' Loan and Trust Company and Hyde *v.* Continental Trust Company, 158 U. S. 601), and a rehearing was held.

It was urged that the use of the air was necessary to the right of way, and was therefore included in it. But the learned judges pointed out that it is just as necessary to be fed as to breathe, in order to travel; and yet, although food, unlike air, is actually produced from the ground, no one claimed the right to grow food products on the highway as an incident to its use.

The court urged with much force that the railroads also are highways, in which the people have special rights (Munn *v.* People of Illinois, 94 U. S. Supreme Court), and that cars were necessary to their use, but that it could not be claimed that the right to the use of the road-bed gives a right to the free use of the cars.

It was urged that the finding was in violation of the right of the people peaceably to assemble, as provided in Amendment 1, United States Constitution. But, citing The Commonwealth *v.* Davis (Massachusetts Law Reports, June, 1897), the court held that men might be prohibited from assembling, preaching, breathing, or doing anything else in the streets, and that, by taking the proper steps and paying the fee, any

citizen could obtain license to breathe the air in public highways (same case, 140 Mass. 485).

Laws taxing immigration had been uniformly upheld (Edye *et al. v.* Robertson, Circuit Court, E. D. N. Y. 1883); though such laws deny the use, not only of the air, but even of access, except upon payment of the fee. It was further said that the ordinances opening the streets, in their form, exclude such use, and that the principle of the ordinance is constitutional (Dillon's Municipal Corporations, p. 250, 2d ed.)

The new doctrine was extended, and on the principle laid down in Mackall *v.* Ratchford, 82 F. 41, injunctions were obtained against strikers, that breathed the air upon roads belonging to the company. The Appellate Court justly said, in sustaining the injunctions, that common property in air worked very well in primitive times; but so did common property in land. The general experience of mankind, however, had improved upon such plans. "There is no force," said the learned court, "in the strenuous contention of counsel for the defendants that the doctrine of rights in air is new; for we find in

Blackstone, Book II., chapter xxvi., section 31: 'Ancient Lights.—Thus, too, the benefit of the elements, the light, the air, and the water, can be appropriated only by occupancy. If I have an ancient window overlooking my neighbor's ground, he may not erect any blind to obstruct the light.'" It follows that easements of wind, and even of light, were, and still are, allowed in England.

Nor is the decision of the lower court in contravention of the Fifth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, guaranteeing the right to life and liberty; for it is open to any one to become an air lord.

(See cases cited on behalf of defendant in Charles River Bridge *v.* Warren Bridge, 7 Pick. 344 Mass.)

The decision was quickly followed in the House of Lords, the Chamber of Deputies, and the high courts of other countries; and, as nearly all land-owners have rights in the streets, numerous suits were instituted.

In fact, one shyster attorney, the owner of a little plot, which was mortgaged for all it was

worth, had summonses printed, and, relying upon the principle that every one has a right to sue every one else, served them upon all that passed, at the rate of several hundred a day. Nearly every one failed to answer, and the costs brought him in a pretty fortune.

Capital came to the rescue; the Pneumatic Tube Company, which got a franchise in 1897 to lay tubes under New York streets, supplied "penny-in-the-slot" flexible tubes, from which air might be inhaled, as pedestrians passed over land whose proprietors had reserved their rights in air. Boxes of condensed air, to be carried on the back, were also sold at a nominal charge.

Knowing that the poorest boy might become an air lord himself, just as he might become President, and that "competition among owners would keep prices down to a reasonable figure," just as it had kept down rents, the people acquiesced, and were quite as contented as they are now.

THE SUBMERGED TENTH

A Charitable Person had a great house, the cellar of which was flooded with water, so that his servants, who lived there, were in misery.

Every day, therefore, believing that dampness caused malaria, the Person dried them off, and dosed them with quinia. When some of the servants objected, he called the Board of Health, which "treated" them by force.

A few of the neighbors would occasionally bail out pailfuls of the water. "See," said they, "how we are relieving poverty." One man of large philanthropy contracted for a pump, at which he worked both day and night, so that he broke down his health. The water he had pumped out soaked back again through the lower walls.

Now there was a spring, which was intended to supply the house with water; but it had been diverted from its course, so that there was no water in the pipes, but only in the cellar.

The Benevolent Person said, "God made these people poor, that he might arouse in me divine

compassion." His Wife said: "Oh, how good you are! Besides, if there were not such poor, who would carry up water for us?" His Son said, "Yes, but let me turn the spring back into its course, so that the water will flow into all the pipes, and we shall stop this wretchedness."

The charitable person answered, "I am not familiar with your theories of springs, but experience teaches me that there is no cure-all."

His Daughter, who was a sweet girl-graduate, said, "To understand the needs of people, one needs to live among them." Therefore, she made a college settlement in the cellar. After six months' residence among the poor, she said that what the lower classes chiefly needed was a boat.

THE PUBLIC BENEFICIARY

A Man wanted to build a little house for himself. So he went to one of the new towns, near the city, and said to the Land-owner, "What do you ask for your Boomhurst lots?" Said he, "Five hundred dollars a lot." "Nonsense!" said the Man. "Why, I can go right over to

Specville, at the other side of the city, where the land is just as good as yours, and just as near the center, and just as well situated, and buy lots for a hundred dollars a lot; and you ask five!" "Well," said the Land-owner, "I suppose you can in Specville. But over there, when you step out of your door, you will step ankle-deep in mud: now, we have good pavements. Over there, when you come home at night, you have to carry a lantern; but we have city lights. There you have to dig a well in the back yard, and haul up your water; but we've got public water-works. There, if your house catches fire, it may burn down; but we've a good fire department. Over there, your children will grow up without education, but here we have a public school. Over there, if somebody annoys your wife when you're away, you have no help; but we have uniformed police. Now shouldn't you rather pay five hundred dollars for my lots, with all these improvements, than pay one hundred dollars over there?" "Well," said the Man, "I suppose I should."

So he bought his lot; and, being a mechanical

sort of fellow, he started to put up his house. He hadn't got more than the second tier of beams up, when some one tapped him on the shoulder. "Got a bill for you." "Bill for me?" says he. "I haven't bought anything here." "No," says the man, "I'm the Tax Collector." "The Tax Collector? Oh! Well what are taxes for?" "Why," said the Tax Collector, "they're for public streets and lights and water-works and fire department and schools and police." "Why," said the man, "I paid for those things when I bought my lot." "So you did," said the Tax Collector. "So you did. But you paid the wrong man, and you'll have to pay it over again to me every year hereafter."

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THE RIGHT TO THE USE OF THE MAN

Several persons laid claim to a native of Borioboola Gha. Now this native was an Anarchist or something, and contended that he could not rightfully be made private property. So the matter came up in the Court of Borioboola Equity.

Captain Cook set up that he had discovered the man. "No one knew about him," said he, "except his family, until I came and found him: therefore, he is mine."

"Not at all," answered Mr. Leo Briton. "I came into possession of him by slaying some of his defenders, and driving away the rest: therefore, he belongs to me and to my grantees."

Mr. Monopoli's attorney here remarked that his client had appropriated this Indian's great-grandfather, and that the lapse of time and the statute of limitations had confirmed his client's possession of the whole family.

There appeared also the sons of Captain Kidd, who admitted that they had acquired their title "by violence, fraud, the prerogative of force, and the claims of superior cunning," but urged that immemorial custom and the wisdom of the ages had confirmed their possession also. They said, "You would not strip poor orphans of their property?"

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Socialis, "your claims are merely theoretical: the unimproved value of this man, to which you lay claim, is nothing. I

taught him to read and to work, and I furnished him the tools. I have indissolubly mingled my labor with him; so hand him over to me."

At this moment a wail was heard, and Mrs. Poor Widow rushed into court. She cried: "I bought this Indian, with all his incidents, from the grantees of Mr. Briton. I gave for my estate in him a full equivalent of honestly earned wealth. Society has ratified the purchase by constitutions and fugitive slave laws, and the Church has sanctified my title by the authority of Holy Writ."

As it was clear that the man would be dead before the court could establish the title to him, the matter was referred to Mr. Civilization, who handed down the following decision: "Such claims can never make a title to anything except products of labor. You did not make this man, and he is not a piece of land. Therefore, chattel slavery must be abolished: but this man must earn his living in the sweat of his brow, and your living in the rent of your land. Let judgment be entered accordingly."

THE CONSOLATIONS OF SCIENTIFIC RELIGION

THE Tigress had been eating her cubs. Having a little indigestion, she was inclined to repent; but philosophy came to her aid.

"Rapine," she reflected, "is the law of existence. See how the fleas are biting me." She licked her chops. "The survival of the fittest," thought she, "is the way of progress for the race." She looked at the last cub. "Great rewards and fearful punishments," she sighed, as she scrunched its head, "are necessary to make us do our best." She settled herself to sleep. "There will be no change," she added drowsily, "till consciousness awakes in cubs."

Society is a Tigress.

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RELATIVE RIGHT

"I AM wasting my strength," said I to the Prophet, "on these 'reforms.' The people are stupid or crazy——"

"A team was running away," said the Prophet; "and I saw three that stood by their

path. One said: 'The beasts are going wrong. If I stand up against them, they will surely run over me.' So he ran sidewise at them, and sheered them out of the road, so that the wagon was broken, and the horses plunged wildly on.

"Another said, 'That did no good.' So he sprang in their way, and waved his arms. Before the horses could turn, the wagon-pole struck him, and the team ran on.

"The third said nothing. But, as the brutes turned up the road, he began to run the same way they were going; and, as they were gaining on him, he seized the reins and stopped the team."

I said, "Do you mean that we should go wrong because others do?"

"My son," said the Prophet, "the man ran the same way as the horses; yet he went right, not wrong."

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ALL SATISFIED

A LABORER'S Boss quarreled with a journeyman. The Boss kindly offered the foreman five dollars to fight the journeyman. The foreman grabbed the laborer's coat to wrap around his arm.

"This is a righteous war," said the foreman. "Here have I made five dollars by it already."

In the fight the coat was torn to shreds. So the Boss paid the laborer five dollars for the coat. "See," said the laborer, "what a good thing for me is war! Here have I got a big price for my coat, and a Dutch Sweater has found employment making another."

Though he got his jaw broken in the fight, the foreman finally thrashed the journeyman. The gratified foreman and the patriotic Boss voted twenty dollars (out of the shop wages) to pay the expenses of the fight and a pension for the foreman.

Their Representative charged ten dollars for collecting the tax from the foreman and the laborer. "See," said their Representative, "what a good thing for me is war." (The foreman did not answer, for his jaw was broken.)

"Me, too!" said the Boss.

"It's a fat thing for me," said the Dutchman.

"Um," said the laborer. "My wits were a fat thing, too!"

THE GLASS OF TRUTH

I LOOKED at my Brother with the Microscope of Criticism and I said, "How coarse my Brother is!" I looked at him with the Telescope of Scorn and I said, "How small my Brother is!" Then I looked in the Mirror of Truth and I said, "How like me my Brother is!"

A BROTHER'S KEEPER

"HA! Help, hel"—The Bank Director threw up his arms, and the water choked his cry. He came to the surface again, and saw for a second the broken dock, the huge confusion,—a stout lady held afloat by the air under her skirts, her feet kicking ludicrously beneath the silk;—the new-launched ship. He gasped for breath, and took the water in: it was like a strangling hand upon his throat. He felt that he had been a good man; surely he should be saved! . . . It seemed as if he floated gently through the air. He had a buzzing in his ears. Then quiet and dreams,—such dreams: they come and go.—

A strong man wanders wearily, foul-smelling

and unkempt. He looks in vain for work, for every one refuses him. He fumbles in the offal for a scrap of food, and drains the beer-kegs out. At last he finds a ragged plot of land, and breaks the soil. He borrows a little seed and tools. His plants begin to sprout. A policeman takes him roughly by the arm; scuffling, he strikes him with his club, and throws him into a cell; and, as he locks the door, the policeman's face comes into the light: it is the Director's face. He screams: "It was not I did that. The land was mine by law. It was the Court that dispossessed"—

The Director feels the people lift his arms. . . .

A handsome boy is reeling down the street, shouting a maudlin song. An old man leads him on—they look alike. A door opens in a low street, and both go in. There are lights and wine-bottles and dice. The lad drinks; he is getting stupid now, the old man turns the lad's pockets out, and throws him into the street. The blood spouts from the boy's ear, and the old man looks around. God! It is the Director's face!

He shrieks: "I never have done that! It is my only son. I gave him everything he asked. What more was there that I could do? I had no time"—

The Director is conscious that men are putting warm things to his feet. . . .

On a cot lies a little child; its eyes are burned with fever, and its pinched lips crack. Its mother totters home, she is so tired; but light is in her eyes; for in her pail is the food, and in a tiny packet the costly medicine that the doctor has prescribed. Behind her glides a thief; in the packet he pricks a hole, and into the pail he drops a deadly adulterant. The mother looks about—the medicine has been lost, she thinks. Tears are in her eyes, but she gives the baby what she has. A quiver shakes the little creature's frame. The mother shrieks, the thief looks proudly round. His face is the Director's own! "I did not do that! I got my profits by the laws the same as other men. It was the tax that took"—

The Director knows that men are rubbing his limbs. . . .

A bare, mean room, and across the bed a girl, partly undressed. Beside the bed a man in his underclothes. The girl's cheeks and neck, down to her little breasts, are crimson with shame; and she is crying timidly. She sobs, "Mamma!" then stops. The man turns angrily. God pity him! His face is the Director's face! "I never did such things as that! I paid the market price for labor in the store. It was want that drove her to that life. I could not help— Ha! these are no dreams!"

. . . "It is no use," said the Doctor. "He is dead, quite dead,—probably from shock. What a loss he will be to Society!"

A VISIONARY

The interpreter took me by the hand, and led me into a cave, across the mouth of which was a great gully; and one standing on the hither side of the gully was building with bridge planks. But, because he could not reach to the further side, he built the frame of a bridge straight up toward heaven.

Then said I, "Why does he build in the air,

for in that manner he can never span the gulf?" The interpreter answered, "Wait and see." And I saw that the man climbed to the top of his framework; and, because he greatly desired to span the gulf, he built out on the side that was toward the opposite bank. When he had builded thus for a long time, the weight of the timbers overbalanced the framework, so that it fell across the gulf; and it was a bridge for all men to walk upon.

Then said I, "What means this?" The interpreter replied: "He whom you saw is an idealist, who seems to arrive at nothing, so that men say he is impractical; yet is his mind fixed upon making an advance. Now, when he finds no way of going forward, he aspires to go higher. In the fullness of time his desire creates a way, and the bridge overbalances, so that it spans the chasm."

I asked of him, "But what of the man?" Then answered the interpreter: "His body was crushed in the overturn. Nevertheless, he built the bridge and went over it; 'Yea,' saith the Spirit, 'for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.'"

APPENDIX

THE man of Imagination is always the see-er and philosopher as well as poet, and the philosophy expressed in verse often makes the deepest impression upon the memory and the life.

Because Conan Doyle has put into verse the core of the philosophy presented in this volume, the poem, "With Either Hand," is a needed appendix:

God's own best will bide the test
And God's own worst will fall,
But best or worst or last or first
He ordereth it all.

For *all* is good if understood
(Ah, could we understand),
And right or ill are tools of skill
Held in His either hand.

The harlot and the anchorite,
The martyr and the rake,
Deftly He fashions each aright
Its vital part to take.

Wisdom He makes to guide the sap
Where the high blossoms be,
And lust, to kill the weaker branch,
And drink, to trim the tree.

And holiness, so that the bole
Be solid to the core,
And plague and fever, that the whole
Be changing evermore.

He strews the microbe in the lungs,
The blood-clot in the brain,
With test and test He picks the best,
Then tests them o'er again.

He tests the body and the mind,
He rings them o'er and o'er,
And if they crack He throws them back
And fashions them once more.

He lets the youthful dreamer store
Great projects in his brain,
Until he drops the fungus spore
That smears them out again.

He stores the milk that feeds the babe;
He dulls the tortured nerve;
He gives a hundred joys of sense
Where few or none might serve.

And still He trains the branch of Good
Where the high blossoms be,
And wieldeth still the shears of ill
To prune and prune the tree.

So read I this—and as I try
To write it clear again,
I find a second finger lie
Above mine on the pen.

Dim are these peering eyes of mine,
And dark what I have seen,
But be I wrong, the wrong is Thine,
Else it had never been.

—Conan Doyle.

THEY THAT HARDLY ENTER

"COME up here," said God, "into my Chariot. for we know the Way."

The man looked wistfully at the Chariot, for he was bruised with stones, and he said: "My brothers here are wild and my sisters weak; they trample on one another, and I cannot leave them in their sins."

God said: "Then I will send my Chariot down to thee." And the man packed it with thieves and prostitutes; but he himself toiled in the road, lifting up the lost.

When they came to the Gates of God they looked upon themselves and said: "We cannot enter in, for we are foul with sin." But God said: "Come in, my little ones, for we have a Friend of Sinners here."

Now some who were in the way saw what had been done, so they made for themselves a chariot of steel and covered it with gold, so like the Chariot of God that none could tell the difference, and

they filled it with their friends. They covered themselves with the cloth of charity and came also to the Gates of God, and when they knocked the gates were opened wide.

But they looked one at another when they perceived that they that stood within the Gates were stained with sin, and upon the Hands of One who greeted them was blood.

And they turned away, saying: "Lord, Publicans and Harlots have gone in before us, we cannot enter in."

THE SOCIAL PUDDING

"THE way to make a pudding," said the Clergyman, "is to have all the materials good. Piety brings success."

"The way to make a pudding," said the Civil Service Reformer, "is to put all the best materials on top. We will have an examination to find out which are the best."

"The way to make a pudding," said the Prohibitionist, "is to keep rum out of it. We will have an excise law."

"The way to make a pudding," said the Socialist, "is to let the State attend to everything. We will elect a Bureau of Universal Affairs."

"The way to make a pudding," said the Anarchist, "is to do away with all rules. Men are naturally good, and will naturally make good puddings."

"The way to make a pudding," said the Single Taxer, "is to put in flour; therefore, let the people get at land to raise the wheat."

SELF-ASSURANCE

"THREE times three is ten," said the child.

"Nine," said the Teacher.

"It doesn't seem so to me," said the child under his breath.

"Don't I know?" asked the Teacher.

"How conceited that Teacher is!" said the child.

"A circle," said the pupil doubtfully, "is a place with a point in it called the circumference."

"A circle," said the Professor, "is a plane figure whose circumference is at all points equally distant from its centre."

"That's what you think," muttered the pupil.

"Could it be anything else?" asked the Professor.

"I don't like people who are so cocksure," said the pupil.

Said the Student, "The world is all muddle and strife."

"There is nothing," said the Thinker, "but Universal Mind."

"I think otherwise," said the Student.

"What do you think it with?" asked the Thinker.

"These Thinkers think they know it all," said the Student.

A LAW UNTO THYSELF

I FOUND myself on a mountain pass, where a fierce storm swept my path. Before, behind and about me, blind and frantic forms rushed to and fro, or leaped from crag to crag, beckoning and calling in thunderous voices, "Here, hither! Hither, here!"

But there were a thousand paths and ten thousand voices; all was confusion and clamor. Dazed, bewildered, irresolute, I staggered and fell, and as I lay prone an amulet fell from my breast. On the amulet were written words in an uncouth tongue.

I grasped it and held it to my heart again and the words burned like fire, "A Law unto Thyself."

I regained my feet and lo, the path was clear and bright, and as I looked, the clouds dispersed in vaporous waves; the dark figures faded to spectre forms.

I journeyed on.

A DISTURBER OF THE PEACE

A MESSENGER came to my door and knocked, but I would have none of his message; therefore I hid myself and refused to let him in. He knocked first at one door and then at another, and made a great disturbance. Still I would not let him in.

Then he went away for awhile, but he returned to disturb me; again and again he returned, until I accepted the message. Then he ceased from troubling me.

THE STANDARDS OF ANIMALS

The dog killed half a dozen sheep; said he, "That is quite natural, I am only doing what any dog would do."

The Street Car Company ran only half enough cars. Said the Director, "The dividends are in the straps; all the lines do that."

The Merchant arranged for a rebate on freight. He said, "That is business; I am only doing what any merchant would do."

The dog was condemned as a public nuisance and shot.

THE SPIRIT AND THE FLESH

A Clock had inward strivings. Said the mainspring, "The Pendulum is too physical. It limits my soul; I must subdue the flesh." So it loosened its coil.

Said the Pendulum, "How the upward straining of this spring disturbs my peace. I shall deny that it exists, and go my way. So it swung with studied irregularity against the case.

But the Clock that had these inward strivings stopped.

A COLONY

TWIN giants, Stupidity and Selfishness, mated with one another and brought forth Monopoly, who ravaged the world. Then a Nephew of the Giants, who was named Discontent, grew so strong that he decided to exclude Monopoly from the earth.

So he took Selfishness and Stupidity to live with him and set them to build a fence around the world.

LEARNING THE LAW

A CHILD put its fingers in the fire. The Mother said, "Satan tempted it to do that. I must drive the devil out with stripes."

So she put oil on the burn to stop the pain; then she spanked the child. (The spanking made him rather defiant.)

Nevertheless, the child had learned that fire burns and would not touch the flame again.

Then the Mother said, "What a saintly child it has become: it never plays with the fire any more. I have driven out the devil."

KISS MONEY

"WHAT will you give me for these?" he asked, holding the grapes over head. "I'll give you a kiss," she said. He laughed, lifted the child in his arms, received her kiss and gave her the grapes.

"I wish that everything could be bought that way," I thought, and out of pure idleness followed him.

He went to a flower-shop, and I saw him talking to the girl—she was showing him the plants, and presently he leaned over a rose-bush and kissed her. She blushed, perhaps because I was by, and gave him some flowers—maybe in exchange for the kiss that he gave her. So I stayed in the door to see what she would do with the kiss.

A weary-eyed woman entered and bought some roses. "My only friends," she murmured, as she drank in their perfume. The girl leaned over and kissed her pale cheek. Tears stood in the woman's eyes.

Then I followed the woman as she hurried along the darkening streets. On a corner stood a young girl who glanced at the passing men. The roses caught her eye. "How beautiful!" she said. The woman drew out the largest rose, kissed it, and gave it to the girl. I waited to see what happened.

The girl trembled as she smelled the rose, then, turning, hastened down an alley. "She kissed it first," she murmured.

She entered a poor room, and a sick woman's face brightened. "I was afraid you were not coming," she said.

"See what I have brought you. A lady gave it to me, and she kissed it first." The sick woman smiled; the girl kissed her. The perfume of the rose filled the room. Was it only the perfume of the rose?

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